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We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

With the appointment of Mr. Hanbury to the Presidency of the Board of Agriculture the reconstruction of Lord Salisbury's Government is practically complete. It is true that a Civil Lord of the Admiralty and a Junior Lord of the Treasury have still to be appointed. But these posts are rather of individual than national concern. On the whole Lord Salisbury's fourth Administration is stronger than his third. Jettison has been made of Lord Cross, Sir Matthew White Ridley and Mr. Chaplin, and young men like Mr. Brodrick, Lord Selborne, and Mr. Wyndham have been put at the head of the War Office, the Admiralty, and the Irish Office. Some still younger men have been introduced to official life, namely, Lord Cranborne, Mr. Arnold-Forster, Mr. Grant Lawson, Lord Hardwicke and Lord Raglan. Mr. Powell Williams has, as a provincial newspaper puts it, "been removed from the sphere of contracts" to the Privy Council, Mr. T. W. Russell has exchanged office for agitation, and Mr. Macartney has apparently been overlooked.

We assume that Mr. Hanbury will have a seat in the Cabinet, though that position has lost much of its old distinction. Even so, his appointment is calculated to puzzle that convenient abstraction, "the intelligent foreigner." Mr. Hanbury has made his mark in the House of Commons by his grasp of detail, and by the ease with which he threads his way through the administrative labyrinths of the Post Office and the Treasury. Though he has a property in Staffordshire, he has never betrayed the smallest interest in or familiarity with agricultural questions. He is therefore appointed President of the Board of Agriculture, while Lord Londonderry, who is an active landlord in England and Ireland, remains at St. Martin's-le-Grand. We commented last week on the appointment of Mr. Gerald Balfour to the Board of Trade. What the intelligent foreigner never can understand is why we always appoint men to departments of which they know nothing and transfer them as soon as they have mastered the A B C of their business to a new office.

Every excuse must be made for Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. A defeated general can hardly be expected to be in good spirits; a discredited general can hardly be expected to be fair, either to the enemy or to his friends. At Dundee Sir Henry, as a defeated and

discredited leader, was naturally petulant and brimming over with small malice. A man in his predicament should never speak after an election until he has had time to get over the disappointment. Sir Henry not only wanted that decent interval but spoke under the peculiar irritation of the Liberal Imperialist dinner. It was difficult in the face of that function to keep up with any show of spirit the fiction of Liberal unity as to imperial policy. Sir Henry made the attempt bravely at the beginning of his speech, but gave it up in a pet at the end and advised his Liberal Imperialist friends to go and join the Tories, which was his polite way of consigning them to the devil. But really the Tories have not room for them at present. We simply must not introduce the plague of overcrowding into our political parties.

The Liberal leader may frown, but the founders of the Imperial Liberal Council may congratulate themselves on the success of their inaugural dinner. That a body which took its rise without encouragement from the "leaders," in fact under their ban, should have increased its membership to three hundred and include already a large portion of the wealth and non-official brains of the party is significant. It also demonstrates very considerable discontent with the present leadership, so-called, of the Opposition. This feeling was not only openly expressed but loudly applauded at the dinner. We doubt however if the Council is wise in committing itself, as it appears to do, to the guidance of Lord Rosebery. It may be safely assumed that Lord Rosebery's views on Imperial questions are those of the Liberal Imperialists, but we have often pointed out that Lord Rosebery, with all his personal charm, is not fitted by temperament to make a leader. This new body, now coming to assume political importance, would be well advised not to identify itself with the future of any individual.

Sir Michael Hicks Beach's speech at the Dolphin Society's dinner at Bristol may be described in its principal passages as a tu quoque to the military authorities, who charge army defects to the timidity of civilians and the parsimony of the Treasury. He cited, in support of his contention that unrestricted control by military men was no safeguard against inefficiency, the case of the French army under Napoleon III., a despotic Emperor. So far from the defeats and failures of the Boer war being due to want of money, he said the lessons of the war showed they arose from the want of foresight of the military authorities, and faults in the army for which the War Office cannot be held responsible. If our artillery was inferior, which he denies, did not the Commander-in-Chief say a few months ago

that it was the best in the world? Was not the blame for loss of life in frontal attacks due to the military authorities who had not recognised the effects of changes in modern weapons and conditions and therefore had not altered the system of training in time to deal with them?

His indictment did not end here. Parsimony he said was not responsible for the appointment of unqualified officers. The pay of the officer is small but that is not the reason why students of Oxford and Cambridge cannot take commissions in cavalry regiments. It is "because commanding officers with the connivance of high military authorities had allowed such a scale of compulsory expenditure that no poor man could take a commission." Then again there was the short-sightedness of military officers. One of them had recommended to him some time ago the abolition of the Yeomanry—the force that had proved pre-eminently serviceable in South Africa! The efficiency of the reserve forces should be more an object of the future than increased numbers in the army. Abuses in the army itself must be removed and Mr. Brodrick and Lord Roberts would require all the support they could receive from the Government, the Parliament, and the people, without distinction of party. These were some of Sir Michael's points and his peroration summed them up not less severely than he had stated them. There is indeed a note of bitterness in the hope that in the next campaign foreign critics may not only be able to praise the British officer and soldier for courage, patience, and endurance, but for professional knowledge, skill, and proficiency. Whatever may be thought of his speech, it must have been a great relief to Sir Michael to make it after his experience of a year's criticism of the Treasury.

The change which has come over the Boer method of waging war has resulted in what Lord Roberts considers the unique instance of a Boer cavalry charge. Around Belfast General Smith-Dorrien reports a series of successful engagements, in which the Canadian mounted troops distinguished themselves. One satisfactory feature of the operations now in progress is that at last we are beginning to surprise the Boers, instead of as formerly being surprised by them. On the 9th Lord Methuen managed to surprise Commandants Snyman and Vermaas between Ottoshop and Lichtenberg with the result that thirty prisoners and some wagons were captured. A successful surprise was also effected near Lydenburg by General F. Kitchener on the 7th. A party of the 19th Hussars and the mounted infantry of the Manchester Regiment passed through the Boer outposts; and, while the mounted infantry were engaged with the enemy's pickets, the cavalry charged in the moonlight and inflicted considerable loss. Venterberg—a large Boer supply depôt—has been seized by General Douglas.

Lord Salisbury is not a man in the street, or he would never have blessed with an enthusiasm effusive for him the C.I.V. and other recent demonstrations in London, as he did last week at the Guildhall. If the Prime Minister would step down from his pedestal and move amongst the people, he would sometimes take a different view of their wants and of their conduct. When Lord Salisbury proclaimed his belief that these popular exhibitions in our streets would have a salutary effect on foreign opinion, undoubtedly he was in a position to know, so we trust he was speaking from knowledge and not by way of bold speculation. There is abundant evidence to the contrary; and indeed it is difficult to understand how the Continental, who has been accustomed to regard Englishmen as distinguished chiefly by their little elation at success and their little depression at failure, can have been brought to take a loftier view of the English temperament by finding us making more fuss over successes obtained against an enemy immeasurably our inferior in number and not a military people than we did over Blenheim or Waterloo. Nor would his respect be increased by our excitement taking the particular form of sweeping the streets in gangs, howling unintelligibly nearly all night through, and thrusting peacock's

feathers into one another's faces. However on the next opportunity for a demonstration, which will easily be made, every patriotic hooligan will be able to say "We are serving our country; Lord Salisbury says so."

However dubious may be the prospect beyond when the terms on which the foreign ministers have at last agreed are presented to the Chinese Government, there is very considerable importance in the fact that this stage of agreement has been reached. Subject to the approval of the several Governments the basis for a preliminary treaty is as follows, the terms being divisible into two classes: those that relate to reparation, and those intended to prevent the repetition of outrage in the future. Under the first head China must erect a monument to Baron von Ketteler on the site of the murder and send an Imperial Prince to Germany to apologise; the death penalty must be inflicted on the eleven guilty officials whose names have already been sent to the Government. Provincial examinations are to be suspended for five years where outrages have occurred; and indemnity is to be paid to states, corporations and individuals.

Under the second head we have the immediate removal and punishment of officials who in future do not make due effort to prevent outrages on foreigners; the abolition of the Tsung-li-Yamen and the vesting of its functions in a foreign minister; rational intercourse with the Emperor as in civilised countries; the razing of the Taku forts and other strong places on the coast of Chi-li; the prohibition of the importation of arms and war material; the establishment of permanent Legation guards and guards of communication between Peking and the sea. The publication of Imperial proclamations for two years throughout the Empire suppressing the Boxers. The explanation is added that indemnity includes compensation for Chinese who suffered through being employed by foreigners but not compensation for native Christians, the words "missionary" and "Christians" not occurring in the Note.

When these demands are presented, it is sufficiently well known that the reply will be: You ask for the execution of officials who dominate the Court and it is therefore impossible. The means of compulsion to which we referred last week will then have to be considered and this will finally test the doubtful intentions of France, Russia, and the United States, and there are already many indications that these Powers cannot be depended on. In America and Russia especially the press is crying out against the imposition of too severe terms on China: the former has been moved by the appeal to the States against the executions at Pao-tung-fu; the latter protests against "German cruelty and ruthlessness" with admirable gravity in view of the scenes on the Amur, and reproaches France with sending a column to the Mausoleum of the Ming Dynasty with the object of exerting pressure on the Chinese Court. It is reported that the Court has been transferred from Si-ngan to the capital of the province of Szu-chuan, and that the Yang-tsze viceroys are discussing ways and means for preventing the Allies from cutting off its communications. Prince Tuan, Yung Lu and Prince Chuang are placing an ever-increasing distance between themselves and the foreign forces and are probably engaged in organising an army on their own account to oppose them.

India has lost a distinct and a wasted personality in the Maharaja of Patiala. As chief of the most powerful of the Sikh States, a loyal ally of the British Government, he was a factor of weight in the Indian Empire. He possessed certain fine personal qualities which in other times would have made him prominent as a leader, but it was impossible to take seriously a ruler of a great State, who spent his time between one racecourse or hunting meet and another and whose ambition was to own the best racing stable and captain the best polo team in India. He succeeded in what he attempted and he has left behind him the reputation of the most finished horseman of his day and the most liberal and

honourable patron of every form of sport. His tastes led him into mixed company, and it is a testimony to the strength and uprightness of his character that he rose above some of the questionable influences to which he was exposed. He neglected opportunities and even duties which would have led him into more princely paths, yet after all the popular verdict will be that India could have better spared a better man.

Lord Curzon took an opportunity at the final meeting of the Legislative Council at Simla of making a pronouncement on the famine which is the more weighty because of its moderation. He made clear the unparalleled extent and intensity of the calamity and the thoroughness of the relief measures. An area of 400,000 square miles with a population of sixty millions was affected. Nearly one-fourth of the entire population of the Indian continent have come within the range of relief operations and the expenditure will exceed seven millions sterling. The excess mortality in British India which can be connected with the famine amounts at most to about 2 per cent. of the entire population involved. The brief comparison with the results of earlier famines under native rule is the best proof of how much has been achieved. This vindication of the policy and measures of the Indian Government is a complete answer to those who have endeavoured to disparage both. It only now remains to wind up at the earliest moment a system of relief, whose very liberality and success would breed demoralisation if it were unduly prolonged.

The general in command in the Philippines has now sent home a despatch demanding a great increase in his forces. To anyone who has followed events in those unhappy islands, even in the most superficial manner, this news will be no surprise. For a long time the American position even in Luzon has been purely defensive. Months ago any American soldiers who ventured outside the fortified posts were liable to be assassinated. General McArthur now demands that his force of 70,000 men should be doubled. The situation has been seriously exaggerated by the vacillation of the President and his endeavours to shirk the responsibility at the expense of the Senate. One of his earliest duties now will be to determine when and how a demand shall be made, to increase the standing army of the States. The Republicans boast that the result of the election will end the war. This presupposes two things both improbable. First that accurate information will reach the enemy; and secondly that they will draw the desired deductions from it when it does.

The Prime Minister in his Guildhall speech, speaking of the American Presidential Election, associated British interests with the triumph of the Republican party. This implies an extremely doubtful proposition and it is little less than ludicrous, to anyone who knows the facts, to assert that Mr. McKinley's triumph makes for righteousness and the happiness of mankind. Recent information from the Philippines does not lead us to suppose that the cause of "civilisation" has much to gain from the Republican party. It is quite certain that the cause of international comity gains nothing from these incursions into the party politics of our neighbours. Mr. Choate administered a very adroit rebuke to the ill-timed congratulations of the Prime Minister and we fear that their only result will be to make the President the more chary in receiving our too effusive protestations. Mr. Bryan's election would have dealt a momentary shock to the American market, but the whole history of party government shows that the fears experienced by the utterances of candidates on the stump are always immensely exaggerated.

The premature Carlist rising is to be deplored from every point of view. The Alphonsists may find in it a pretext for fresh severity, but their weakness has been manifested anew. They have indeed already suspended the constitutional guarantees with that haste so familiar in constitutional governments at variance with the people; they have closed clubs, stopped telegrams, opened letters, and stifled the liberty of the opposition

press; and they talk loudly of wiping out Carlism once for all, though they know full well that Carlism is far too strong and that they themselves have no popular support, which they may lean upon in an emergency. And if the Alphonsists deplore the exposure of their weakness, the Carlists must deplore the exposure of their strength. For years preparations for a rising have been in progress, and now their cause has been thrown back indefinitely by premature action.

We have it on the highest authority that the rising was in direct contravention of Don Carlos' instructions, which were for perfect tranquillity until, in his own good time, he should give the signal. For the present, the Exile's Court is uncertain as to the origin of the disaster, whether it was the work of fools or of traitors or of provocative agents, who contrived to impose upon well-intentioned partisans. If provocative agents were employed by the Government, it will ere now have regretted the trick; if by Stock Exchange speculators, their profit will have been deservedly small. Meanwhile, there has been much misconception about Carlism in this country. It is not a retrograde movement, but rather an aspiration towards decentralisation, which should not find disfavour among Englishmen. What Spain needs is a Man, who will put an end to the all-pervading corruption and restore a healthy political life.

A movement is being started in Germany which recalls in many respects the Anti-Corn-Law League days of Cobden and Bright. At a meeting of representatives of commerce and industry from all parts of Germany, held at the Berlin Bourse, a committee of thirty members was elected for the purpose of establishing a society whose object is opposition and agitation against an increase of the corn duties and other extreme protective measures, advocated by the party known as the Agrarians, and certain groups of manufacturing interests. Dr. von Siemens, the President of the Deutsche Bank, is the moving spirit of the League which is to be non-political, and to accept allies from every party which holds the opinion that the result of the proposed legislation would be a Customs war, from which all classes interested in the export trade of Germany would suffer. At present Germany modifies her protective system by means of commercial treaties, and the contention of Dr. von Siemens and his society is that the proposal to include a scale of minimum duties in the new Tariff Bill will tie the hands of German diplomatists in making new treaties and place them at a disadvantage.

The London water question is at a deadlock from which the Government alone can extricate it. The County Council desires to purchase and manage the undertakings of the eight companies which supply the metropolis and also large outside areas. The extra-metropolitan authorities concerned are content with the companies and regard the County Council with distrust. The County Council tried to get rid of their opposition by offering to sever the outer areas from London for water purposes. This plan has been utterly condemned by the Royal Commission in its recent report as most undesirable, even if practicable; and it would obviously sacrifice all the advantages to be gained by amalgamating the undertakings. The alternative recommended by the Commission is a Water Board representative of the whole of "Water London." But the County Council still insists upon going on with the Bill rejected by the House of Commons last session, which has no chance of passing. Unless therefore the Government intervenes, the settlement of this vexed question is as remote as ever.

If any proof were needed that the subject of education is of all others that which is least cared for, and therefore least understood, by politicians and non-politicians alike we should find it in Mr. Asquith's speech in Marylebone in support of the Progressive candidature. There is positively nothing in it distinctively educational at all and it only dealt with party questions between Progressives and Moderates that are the mere husk of education. Ordinary School Board candidates can talk by the hour about the

increase or decrease of rates, excess or deficiency of school accommodation, the Voluntary and the School Board system and religious or secular education and can be trusted to make as much as can be made of their infinitesimal differences. Mr. Asquith himself does not seem to be able to think of education outside this befogged atmosphere; and the man who is often so suggestive of fruitful ideas in other matters fails completely in accounting for his presence on an educational platform. He has nothing to say of the real nature and quality of the education that should be given nor of the true methods and means of imparting it, nor of the qualifications required in the teachers to whose hands it is entrusted. His speech was utterly sterile; and its sterility may be estimated by the one idea he seemed to have of education as a process by which the greatest number of book subjects may be crammed into the heads of all kinds of children.

Lord Rosebery's Rectorial address at Glasgow on Friday was very much below the level of the addresses to which Scottish students have at various times had the opportunity of listening. It happens that in another column we notice a collection of such speeches a few minutes' reading of which will very fairly prove our point. Lord Rosebery's subject was "Questions of Empire" and it is a natural sequence to his address at Edinburgh on "Patriotism." When the Glasgow students compare the two, they will not feel themselves flattered by the comparison. It will occur to them that as in the case of most sequels the author seems to have exhausted all his freshness and vigour of thought in his first effort, and has nothing left worth saying. We are accustomed to find Lord Rosebery at his best on the literary side, but on this occasion we have not even so much as a clever phrase or smart witticism, except a cruel reference to the Opposition as standing idle in the market place and going to waste. It has generally been supposed that the Opposition had certain useful functions to perform in Parliament, but Lord Rosebery, jumping, as is his habit, at some accidental circumstance, founds on it a plausible theory which gives him the air of being wiser than he really is. An example of this is his preposterous notion that as a preliminary to training in the responsibilities of Empire we must give up or largely surrender education in Latin and Greek. This is a suggestion that apparently occurred to him because certain tradesmen of Edinburgh have recently said that they do not understand what the value of Latin and Greek is. It is exceedingly characteristic of Lord Rosebery. He has not the conscientiousness of his own opinions.

Last week we pointed out that the activity in the American Railway market was beginning to spread to other markets, and our observation has been justified by the upward trend of prices generally. The continuance of support from New York, in spite of some heavy realisations during the week on the part of Continental and English operators, has resulted in a general and substantial rise in all American rails. Union Pacifics, Northern Pacific Common, Atcheson Preferred and Ordinary seem to be the favourites for the time being, though no doubt other specialities will in their turn be taken up, for Wall Street never does anything by halves. The only danger is that the British public will, as it generally does, only come in when Wall Street has begun to unload. The Chancellor of the Exchequer's speech at Bristol seems to have reassured the croakers, who have been predicting a crushing taxation of the South African mining industry, and the Kaffir market has shown a strength which has been conspicuous by its absence for a long time. With the exception of Great Boulder Perseverance, the tone of West Australian mines has been steady, notwithstanding fluctuations. In the Home Railway market the "heavies" have improved considerably, and the bears of South-Eastern and Brighton have executed a complete *volte-face*. The secret of the means by which the Chancellor of the Exchequer will propose to raise the necessary war funds is so well kept that few dealers in the Consol market venture to take a view. Consols have been practically unchanged and closed yesterday at 98½.

PROPOSALS FOR A CHINESE SETTLEMENT.

THE definite adoption of a schedule of terms which China will be required to accept as a basis of a preliminary treaty marks a distinct step forward. The list scarcely seems exhaustive; but other points are regarded, doubtless, for inclusion in the commercial treaty which we are told that the representative of Great Britain has indicated as a necessary complement. The present demands are in the nature of reparation. It will remain to exact such a re-arrangement of the terms of intercourse, and of the character of the Imperial administration, as may prevent a recurrence of crises which are fraught not only with local disaster but with danger to the peace of the world. It is anticipated, we are told, that ten out of the eleven demands will be conceded without serious opposition. (1) The erection of a monument to Baron Ketteler on the scene of his murder, and the delegation of an Imperial Prince to Germany on a mission of apology are consistent both with precedent and with Chinese ideas of fitness. The erection of a tablet was one of the conditions exacted by Mr. Medhurst in reparation for an attack on certain members of the China Inland Mission at Yangchow, in 1868; and Chung-How was sent to France to express regret for the massacre of the French Consul and others at Tientsin, in 1870. (2) The suspension for five years of examinations for literary degrees, in districts where outrages have occurred, is a penalty thoroughly Chinese in character, and one which will go home with a directness that can neither be evaded nor explained away. It has been suggested, even, that it might be carried a stage higher, by prohibiting for one year the examinations for the degree of Tsun-shi (= LL.D.), meaning "fit for office," which are held in Peking. That prohibition would be felt in every corner of the Empire, for the competitors are the picked men of the provinces who have been successful in the provincial examinations which it is proposed to suspend. The very breadth of the scope however would doubtless be an objection, as it would penalise regions where peace has not been disturbed. (3) The punishment of officials who have not made due efforts to prevent outrages on foreigners within their jurisdiction will be an effective safeguard if it is properly enforced; but it will have to be seen that the degradation is effective. One of the worst criminals now awaiting punishment, Yu Hsien, was removed from the government of Shantung for complicity in the murder of Mr. Brooks, but appointed soon afterwards to the government of Shanse, where he has set the seal on his iniquity by gathering a number of missionaries, and ordering their wholesale execution in the courtyard of his palace. (4) The payment of an indemnity to States, corporations, and individuals who have suffered damage during the recent outbreak is an inevitable obligation; but it may conceivably open up large questions of fiscal and administrative reform; for the present revenues are heavily mortgaged, and a bald increase of the Customs dues would come very near to making foreigners pay the indemnity themselves. It cannot, of course, be contended that the increase would come wholly out of foreigners' pockets; but it would be derived chiefly from foreign trade, which would be affected directly and indirectly unless compensation be found in the removal of obstructions elsewhere. (5) To exact the abolition of the Tsung-li-Yamen and the appointment of a Foreign Minister will be to revert to a principle laid down in Art. 5 of the Treaty of Tientsin, which we have allowed to fall into abeyance with results that usually follow acquiescence in Asiatic evasion. "His Majesty the Emperor of China agreed [in that article] to nominate one of the Secretaries of State or a president of one of the Boards, as the high officer with whom the Ambassador, Minister, or other diplomatic agent of the Queen should transact business." Here is no word of a Board—which simply multiplies opportunities for evasion. The system of divided responsibility is dear, naturally, to officials who are liable to suffer in person if they fail to impose upon barbarians conditions to which the barbarians object. There was precedent, besides, in the fact that the Board of Ceremonies had been wont to deal with tributary States. As things were at that

time however, possibly a Board may have been best—especially as it was at first constituted of the presidents and leading members of other Boards by whom the work of Government is carried on. But the time has come when the Imperial Government must be required to assimilate its methods to those of Western nations, if it aspires to be treated as a civilised Power.

(6) Such rational intercourse with the Emperor as is customary in other lands would be a necessary concomitant of the change, as it would ensure his being properly informed and would tend in so far to protect, and prevent deception by, the Foreign Minister of the hour. (7) The rasure of the Taku and other forts on the coast of Chih-li, and the establishment of permanent Legation guards and guards of communication between Peking and the sea, are precautions which point to the reconstitution of Peking as the capital, under conditions which will preclude the possibilities of isolation that so nearly proved fatal three months ago.

(8) The opening of the city to commerce, as has been further suggested, would tend to dispel also the mental clouds which have helped to perpetuate friction, corruption, and conceit. (9) To prohibit the importation of arms may seem humiliating, and as humiliation it will be felt, doubtless, in its degree; but the chief real sufferers will be certain officials who will be deprived of a fertile opportunity for "squeeze."

It was freely declared, at the time, that the imperfect armament of the Chinese troops and ships was largely responsible for their collapse before the Japanese; and although the repetition, by the latter, of their victories shows that the Chinaman behind the guns was also largely at fault, it is notorious that the arms trade afforded one of the most fertile fields for speculation in a land where speculation is a fine art.

(10) The issue of an Imperial proclamation suppressing the Boxers will cost the Court little; but the foreign Ministers will doubtless take care that it shall narrate the crimes and the retribution which have made it imperative. (11) It will have to include, in order to be complete, a record of the penalties incurred by the princes and high officials who have brought the Empire to the verge of destruction, but out of whose evil doings we hope, now, that good may come. Demer will of course be made to the demand that eleven of these highly placed culprits shall expiate their crimes by the penalty which they have inflicted wholesale on others. But firmness and insistence will carry the day. A Court which could procure the execution in Turkestan of a Reformer like Chang Yin-huan can procure the execution of Prince Tuan in Kansu, if it be true that he has fled so far in the hope of escaping his fate. We do not overlook the difficulty inherent in the fact that the culprits are leading members of the faction that holds the seals: no man assumes willingly a rôle which the "Temps" has wittily described as that of "décapité par persuasion."

But, though difficult, the problem is soluble; and the solution will probably be found in a combination of foreign pressure with methods more purely Chinese. The Viceroy of the Yangtze region hold the power of the purse and the power of the sword. The only remaining troops in China worthy the name are under their control, and they can starve out the Court by withholding supplies. The Empress Dowager is manifestly trying to undermine them by appointing Manchus and anti-foreign officials to posts in their satrapies; and that is a process which might, if unchecked, lead to the Viceroy finding themselves prisoners in the hands of their subordinates. They are not likely to be blind to the fact; the instinct of self-preservation will operate in their case as well as in that of Prince Tuan and Kang Yi.

We remarked at the outset that these terms are in the nature of reparation, and that it will remain to lay the foundation of reforms that may inaugurate a new day. First among these will arise the question of finance; and in the case of foreign commerce as well as foreign affairs, a foundation will be found in the Treaty of Tien-tsin. The crux of the question is to facilitate the movement of commerce without starving the provincial exchequers; and the solution will be found in making proper provision for the restoration to their benefit of the commuted transit dues provided for in Art. 28. The obstruction offered to inland

steamers is due chiefly to considerations of provincial finance, and will largely disappear when a satisfactory solution of this problem has been devised. The question of residence in the interior for purposes of trade is connected closely with that of foreign missions. Our object in going to China was not proselytism but trade, and it is logically absurd to withhold from merchants privileges which missionaries have been allowed to acquire. Nor must it be forgotten, however, on the other hand, that order will have to be taken with the proceedings of the missionaries themselves. We have no purpose of launching, at the close of an article which has already exceeded the due limits of space, into one of the thorniest of contentious subjects; but we may indicate as one point upon which sensible men appear to be agreed—that a stop shall be put to the residence in the interior of young unmarried women, whose presence is gravely misunderstood and constitutes an ever-present source of anxiety and danger. The question of residence is bound up also with that of judicial reform, but we are inhibited, again, from doing more than indicate this branch of a question, which is complicated by the existence of extra-territorial privileges that recent experience will incline us to strengthen rather than forgo.

DRIBBLING ON.

"THERE was the continuance of the War in South Africa, which dribbled on at an enormous cost in money, and, what was much worse, in valuable lives, and no one could tell precisely when peace would be restored." In these words the Chancellor of the Exchequer summed up the situation in South Africa, when addressing the members of the Dolphin Society at Bristol on Tuesday last. Speaking on the same evening to the rival Anchor Society, Mr. Sydney Buxton described the position in even more gloomy terms. "The country hardly realised how terribly difficult the problem had become. The burghers were ruined, the Uitlanders were ruined, racial hatred was acute, the Cape was crippled, and we were heavily burdened." We are afraid that there is not much exaggeration in this sad picture, and though we cannot agree with Mr. Buxton that the Government treat the matter "with jaunty self-complacency," we see no signs that Her Majesty's Ministers any more than the country realise how terribly difficult the problem has become. Mr. Chamberlain is somewhere on the Mediterranean, and in ordinary times no one could grudge the Colonial Secretary a well-earned holiday. Lord Selborne is busy with the duties of his new office, and Lord Onslow, who has just been transferred from the India to the Colonial Office, will require a little time to acquaint himself with the facts. In the meantime the war goes dribbling on at enormous cost, and the economic condition of the conquered States goes from bad to worse. Is it not time that the policy of dribble was terminated, and that the Government produced some well-considered and statesmanlike scheme for the pacification of the Boer States? The issue at the General Election was chosen by Her Majesty's Ministers, and was by them stated to be the future settlement of South Africa. Yet it is remarkable that though we heard a great deal about the war during the elections, of the settlement, beyond a few vague references to military administration and the constitution of a Crown Colony, we heard nothing. Is it possible that to the many miscalculations of this war we shall be obliged to add that of having failed to realise its inevitable and frequently predicted consequences? This is a matter for which the responsibility cannot be shuffled on to the War Office or to expert advisers. It is a question of statesmanship, pure and simple. Has the Colonial Secretary, or the Prime Minister, or the Cabinet in its collective capacity, sat down to think out the consequences of the war to the agricultural community in the Orange River and Transvaal States? Of the mining community of Johannesburg we know that the Government has thought much, and despite his diplomatic language at Bristol we may imagine that the Chancellor of the Exchequer

regards it as a joint from which he will be able to carve a fat slice. Until, however, the final and exact cost of the war is ascertained, it is impossible to formulate financial proposals with regard to the mining companies. But the miners and shareholders of the Rand are not the only part of the community to be considered, either as to protection or to taxation. Agriculture is the business of the Boers, who are now become citizens of the British Empire, and are gradually but surely being ruined by the continuance of the war. It is easy to say that their ruin is the fault of the Boers themselves, and that they could have peace to-morrow if they liked. True: but a farmer whose stock has been destroyed or carried off, or whose farm has been burned or wrecked, sees ruin either way: if he surrenders, there is nothing before him but bankruptcy, and he may well prefer death or exile to that. Has the Government thought out or decided upon any policy for settling the Boer States beyond the appointment of administrators and policemen? If so, let it be produced at once, for it may be the means of terminating a struggle, which, as Sir Alfred Milner said, has "all the horror with none of the dignity of war."

Much the most helpful utterance on this subject that we have seen is a letter from Mrs. J. R. Green in the "Times" of Tuesday. As Mrs. Green points out, we have failed to protect the Boer farmers from the desperate generals and the gang of foreign ruffians who force the burghers to fight. We cordially endorse the propositions contained in the following passage. "The English people will certainly desire that the utmost efforts should be made to pacify the country by generous and liberal methods in repairing the inevitable destruction of war. It is important that this shall be thoroughly understood on both sides, and as soon as possible. Anyone who knows the actual position of the Boer farmer would especially desire to see the consideration, among other things, of a definite offer to provide a sum for the burgher returned to his farm, sufficient to start him with a roof over his head and the means of beginning work, wherever such help is made necessary by the ruin of the farm or the loss of grain or stock. Capital will in any case be wanted to restore life and activity through the country; and it would be true economy to begin in this way rather than settle strangers on the land, as none know better than the Boers how to make the earth in those regions yield its crops, and South Africa will badly want those crops. There is talk of a vast population ready to stream into the centres of industry, and for these a supply of food will be needed. No one, moreover, can desire that a second ruin should fall on the land in two years' time by a general agricultural bankruptcy of new men unfitted for South African farm life." It is an old maxim of business and commonsense that it is bad policy to ruin a debtor. The Transvaal and Orange River States are our debtors, from whose prosperity we hope in the near future to draw revenue. But these conquered States are not only our debtors, they are now our colonies, to whom we owe just and generous government. We have always maintained that the surrender of the Boers must be unconditional, and we do not shrink from severity in the punishment of treachery and purposeless bloodshed. There is certain work which we must not ask Lord Roberts to do. When Lord Roberts has returned to this country, we hope that Lord Kitchener will show no tenderness in dealing with the desperadoes who are now fighting for loot or revenge. But hand in hand with the severity of the military policeman must go the prudent generosity of the statesman. If either Mr. Chamberlain, or Sir Alfred Milner, has got any plan or policy for dealing with the Boer farmers, we say emphatically that the time has come for its proclamation in South Africa and its announcement to the people of England. Parliament is to meet in a fortnight, and an opportunity will thus be afforded to the Colonial Secretary to supplement the statement of the Chancellor of the Exchequer by an explanation of his policy. We trust that no consideration for the mere convenience of members of Parliament will deter the Government from an exposition of policy, for finance

depends upon policy. Should however it be decided to confine the business of the House of Commons to the necessary financial resolutions, there are other ways in which Mr. Chamberlain can take the nation into his confidence. There is nothing men dread so much as the unknown: and the sooner the Boers are told what they have to expect, the sooner will the war cease to dribble on at an enormous cost.

RITUAL PROSECUTIONS.

ECCLESIASTICALLY the signs of the times seem to be improving. For one thing the "Times" refers to the ritual controversy as a "ferment described *ad nauseam* as the 'Crisis in the Church.'" If the "Times" takes that view of the controversy, it is likely soon rapidly to subside if not absolutely die down; for assuredly no agency moral or intellectual is more able, if so able, to prick the bladder of this precious crisis, if it chooses. We are not referring to real differences in theological views; they are realities that preceded the crisis and will succeed it. Honest differences do not lead to a Church crisis; without artificial stimulus such a growth cannot thrive. In this case, there was on the one side, an exhibition of extremism in one direction, on the other a determination to use this sporadic extremism as a lever for a violent assault on an entire theological position long recognised as Anglican. The ritual extremism in some cases, we must take leave to say, was not honest, but in far the majority of instances it was a morbid distortion of a conscientious attempt scrupulously to serve God and the Church first, even in the smallest details. It was morbid because it lost all sense of spiritual and moral perspective, and thus inevitably brought its professors or victims to the impasse of conflict between their private consciences and the regular authorities, spiritual and civil. As a social phenomenon, such a state of things is not and has never been uncommon. We know very well that in civil matters, when the accused takes a different view of the law from his judge, his difficulties of interpretation are roughly disposed of. He may be right; it does not at all follow that the party to legal proceedings who differs from the views of the bench is wrong; but law is not concerned with abstract right but *is* very much concerned with finding the best way out of a difficulty in the long run. On the whole the community gains, if in some cases the individual is sacrificed. Applied to secular matters, the rule scandalises nobody, but the moment it is enforced in the region of the spiritual, the mind of all but the baser sort instantly rebels. There the standard is not ultimate expediency but *is* abstract right. So that when two parties do not agree as to what is right abstractedly, it is felt impossible summarily to give one the power to suppress the other and so end the difficulty, as that in itself would be a violation of abstract right; which is the standard and theory of the law whereby the vexed question is being tried. This explains the feeling admirably expressed in the letter of the Archdeacons of London and Middlesex to the Bishop of London, urging him to use what power he possesses to stop the threatened legal proceedings against certain of the London clergy. We are convinced that they are absolutely right in contending that public opinion would not tolerate the treatment of men of high character and exemplary life, whose offence is mistaken or over-conscientiousness, as common law-breakers. We agree entirely with the Archdeacons that the effect of such proceedings would be immensely to strengthen the very ecclesiastical position taken up by these clergymen, as we think, in mistake. We are sure that the Bishop of London is intensely opposed to any such proceedings and we trust that he may see his way absolutely to veto them.

The letter of the Archdeacons is the more valuable that one of them, Dr. Sinclair, is a convinced and conspicuous Evangelical. It thus marks in very practical manner a breach between the main body of Evangelical churchmen and the malignants, who are willing to recognise brawling in church, vulgar abuse in the press, the political caucus, as legitimate weapons

wherewith to fight a great school of fellow-churchmen, whom they seem to hate with a virulence unknown in party politics. With such men it is impossible to treat, but let the great body of Evangelicals openly dissociate themselves from those who only bring odium on the name, and the differences between High Churchmen and Low Churchmen will soon prove themselves to be nothing in the shape of division incompatible with mutual respect and, in most fields of Church work, active co-operation.

RODIN IN A LONDON GALLERY.

THE proposal made by our correspondent Mr. Tweed in last week's SATURDAY REVIEW that a work by Auguste Rodin should be bought by subscription among his English admirers and offered to a public gallery seemed to us an excellent one, and we have satisfied ourselves that there need be no difficulty in giving effect to it. The scheme is to obtain a bronze replica of one of the undisputed masterpieces, not only as an act of homage to one of the greatest artists of the century, but for the sake of students, who at present in this country can see no example of this new birth in their art. It appears that the cost would be trifling. A single life-size figure in bronze could be had for about £160, and bronze seems to us the better material when Rodin is concerned.

Two questions remain; as to the support the scheme would receive, and the destination of the gift. On the first score there need be little fear. A few inquiries have tested the point, and many leading artists and connoisseurs have already given their warm support to a movement certain of the enthusiasm of the younger men. In the course of another week a circular will be issued with a first list of subscribers' names. Readers of the SATURDAY REVIEW who desire to subscribe, or to have copies of this circular, are invited to communicate with Mr. John Tweed, 108 Cheyne Row, who will act as Hon. Treasurer of the fund.

Then for the place, the gallery naturally indicated is the South Kensington Museum (if we may be allowed to use the more familiar name). The director has been approached and regards the scheme with favour. By the pressure of events this museum seems destined to fill more than one of the gaps so conspicuous at the National Gallery. The National Gallery, perhaps wisely, applies its resources to the older schools of painting, neglects the modern, and leaves sculpture out altogether. Gifts, bequests, special funds have brought modern pictures to Trafalgar Square, but the activity of that collection abates after the seventeenth century. By undeserved good luck we seem likely to suffer very little from this limitation. Having shockingly neglected the French eighteenth century, and not too well looked after our own, we have received, in the Wallace bequest, a first-rate representation of the first and a notable strengthening of the second. As for nineteenth-century painting, it is profusely if not choicely illustrated in the Tate Gallery. The South Kensington Museum, projected as a museum of industrial design, has expanded in a splendidly lawless fashion. It has a picture collection that includes most periods, and the recently bequeathed Ionides collection will strengthen this at many points, and will fill gaps left by the Wallace Gallery in the French school of the nineteenth century. The nation will now have a superb Millet, several examples of Legros, and a Degas, to name no others. Those who, amid the tumult of ignorant outcry against this last master, a few years ago prophesied that within ten he would be in the National Gallery, may smile to see how nearly that forecast has come true. We still want a Manet, and a Whistler, to round off the list of nineteenth-century names already certain of the future; but here is a beginning of recognition to great men outside of England.

Still more remarkable is the historical collection of sculpture at South Kensington. Greece is represented by a gallery of casts; the mediæval, Italian Renaissance, and French Renaissance periods, by casts and originals. The Jones collection does something to help the Wallace for the French eighteenth century. For the nineteenth century our greatest man, Stevens, is well honoured, and some of our lesser men are illustrated. Even now

the French nineteenth-century school is not quite without witnesses. Mr. Tweed has spoken of Barye's *Lion*, there is also the *Bacchanals* of Dalou, once a Kensington teacher, and a little torso by Legros. Want of space is the terrible difficulty in this hospitable museum, but perhaps as time goes on room will be found for other masters, for Rude, Carpeaux, Cain, to name three of the dead. The living claimant on our admiration overtowers them all; we should like to see the museum obtain one or more of his great monuments in cast, the *Bourgeois de Calais* or the *Victor Hugo*. In any case English sculptors, and lovers of art generally, will rejoice if it can be arranged that in this extraordinary assemblage of the arts so illustrious a foreign guest should be invited to "show his hand." Vienna and Berlin, and several smaller capitals, have been before London in securing this honour for their public collections; let us not be too late in making up for some of the stupidities of the past, and if the exhibition of Rodin's work talked of for the New Gallery or the Grafton can be arranged, so much the better.

THE RAILWAYS OF SCOTLAND.

II.—THE NORTH BRITISH.

THE centre of the North British system is Edinburgh, whence the line stretches out in the form of an irregular cross. On the west side of the country it reaches to Carlisle and Silloth in the south and to Banavie on the West Highland line in the north, while on the east it extends from Kinnaber Junction (on the Caledonian line to Aberdeen) to Berwick and, by running powers over the North-Eastern from Hexham, to Newcastle. The original North British line was opened from Edinburgh to Berwick in 1846. In the course of time it has amalgamated with a large number of other undertakings, amongst them being the Monkland and Kirkintilloch, claiming to be the oldest public railway in Scotland, having been in operation since 1826; the Edinburgh Perth and Dundee taken over in 1862; and the Edinburgh and Glasgow which was absorbed three years later. The main approach of the North British company into Glasgow is still over the old Edinburgh and Glasgow track. The line runs very nearly level until it reaches Cowlares on the outskirts of the city, and from that point it falls steeply through a tunnel to the terminus in Queen Street. This Cowlares incline is to-day worked in the same primitive manner as it has been "for over fifty years" and to incoming trains is a cause of considerable delay. Though the actual gradient is no worse than that existing between Ludgate Hill and Farringdon Street, or part of that down which the Metropolitan trains rattle every few minutes from St. John's Wood to Baker Street, the cautious Scot considers it a case in which special precautions are required, and, in spite of being fitted with a good continuous brake, all down trains are made to stop at Cowlares to take on special vans fitted with powerful handbrakes for the purpose of controlling the descent. On the other hand, as the use of a pushing engine behind would be a risky proceeding in the tunnel, trains coming out of Glasgow are assisted by an endless rope to which they are attached before starting and from which they are disconnected without stopping when they have reached the summit.

But perhaps the North British Company is best known to South-country travellers by its station at Edinburgh, and its two great bridges over the Forth and Tay. Lying in the bottom of a deep ravine, approached by tunnels on either side, Waverley Station is placed in about as bad a situation for the carrying on of a large passenger traffic as could possibly be imagined. For some time previous to 1890 the accommodation had been growing more and more inadequate, and the rush of new work caused by the opening of the Forth Bridge in that year produced a state of chaotic confusion which has rarely been equalled. It was found necessary to undertake a large scheme of extension and rebuilding, which the company has been slowly and laboriously carrying out ever since, and the station as it now stands is one of the

largest in the country. Even so, however, in the tourist season there is no room to spare; and the cost of further expansion would be prohibitive, so that it seems likely that sooner or later the interminable shunting operations will have to be transferred to some more convenient spot, and the through passengers from the South for Perth and Aberdeen will have to be sent on independently, as on the rival West-Coast route, without entering Edinburgh at all.

The story of the bridges has been frequently told. The original Tay Bridge just over two miles long took seven years to build, and was opened for traffic in 1878. During a violent gale in Christmas week 1879 a large portion of it collapsed, carrying with it into the river a passenger train which was crossing at the time. As might be expected all in the train perished, and though it was never known accurately how many lives were lost, the total is believed to have fallen not far short of a hundred. The new bridge subsequently erected on the spot was a much more substantial affair, and was opened for traffic at the time of the Jubilee rejoicings in 1887, and from that time it has been in use without incident. The first order for the construction of a bridge across the Forth was given out just before the accident on the Tay, but after the appearance of the Board of Trade report saying that the Tay bridge had been "badly designed, badly constructed, and badly maintained" a halt was called, and upon consideration the original plans were abandoned. The present structure was commenced in 1883 and was opened by the Prince of Wales in March 1890, having cost, it is said, 2½ million pounds. The Midland Railway Company, anxious to obtain more of the north traffic than they could ever hope to do while their through carriages had to go round by Larbert, were principally active in promoting its construction. A separate company was formed for the purpose and the Midland, North British, Great Northern, and North-Eastern, in varying portions guaranteed it 4 per cent. in perpetuity, the Midland accepting the greatest responsibility. The West-coast expresses from Euston had always been run at a slow rate of speed; if the guaranteeing companies could have foreseen that the immense improvements inaugurated a few years later by the North-Western and Caledonian would neutralise the advantage of decreased mileage given them by the bridge, the decision might have been very different. To the Midland shareholder at least the present position can hardly be satisfactory.

The local services of the North British Company are fairly good. Its steamships though not very fast are quite up to their work. Between Edinburgh and Glasgow the forty-four and a half miles from suburb to suburb are covered in the short time of fifty-three minutes, and in other directions the work done is better than might be expected from the reputation of the line. In its through services the company has never been particularly energetic. It has two routes to England, the one by the East coast to Berwick and the North-Eastern and Great Northern systems, and the other by the Waverley route to Carlisle and the Midland, and like the proverbial donkey has never been able to make up its mind to make the best of either. The "East Coast" day Scotch express has recently been improved by the addition of dining cars and, as a consequence, the old refreshment stop at York has been abridged by ten minutes. It was hoped that passengers would have the advantage of that ten minutes, and the enterprising North-Eastern is now actually advertising in Bradshaw that the train arrives in Edinburgh at 6.15 instead of 6.30 as before; but the North British notices contradict this, and the phlegmatic Scotch company is content to announce that London and Edinburgh are the only two capitals in the world between which the most important train requires more running time than it did twelve years ago. The Waverley route to Carlisle via Melrose and Hawick was brought into use in 1862, but only became important for through express traffic with the opening of the Settle and Carlisle section of the Midland in 1876. The road is a difficult one to work on account of the heavy gradients, but making every allowance for this fact the trains are poor and no effort is ever made to improve them; indeed as the years go by, such changes as take place in the time table generally leave matters

rather worse than they were before. Perhaps in its defence the company might with some reason argue that to smarten up the Waverley express would be useless, unless the Midland could see its way to make corresponding accelerations south of Carlisle.

The coaching stock of the North British is fairly good but the old three-axle pattern of carriage is still in favour. With the opening of the Waverley route for through London express traffic this company commenced to build a class of engine for fast trains, which at the time was superior to any other in the country, and with slight variations remained the standard pattern of the line for over twenty years; and in the latest engines, though the dimensions are increased, the same general design is retained. One engine on the line has had a unique history. After falling into the Tay when the bridge went down, it was hauled out not much the worse for its adventure and was subsequently rebuilt as a compound, with four cylinders arranged tandem, much as in the compounds built by the Great Western Company at Swindon. Not being successful in this form it was again rebuilt in the ordinary way; and whatever the near future may have in store, up to the present the Scotch railways have had no further experience in the matter of compounding locomotives, although this would appear to be the direction in which developments are most likely in the future.

* * * Next week's article in this series will be on the Glasgow and South-Western.

"POUR LA DERNIÈRE FOIS."

WITH the opening of the Exhibition, the Place de la Concorde became commercial. Odd characters, odd stalls, occupied it as early as eight in the morning. Camelots arrived by the score; then, came guides. When the first batch of tourists appeared, it was possible to buy balls, pictorial postcards, medals, dancing dolls, nuts, gingerbread, and sallow lemonade. Each merchant did a brisk trade—so that there was animation. Each camelot competed with the kiosks of the Crédit Lyonnais over the price of tickets—so that there was noise. Omnibuses lurched past; cabs drove over the kerbstone; automobiles panted or hiccoughed by. All day long, for seven gay months, until ten at night, the Place de la Concorde was crowded, exhilarated. So amiable were the stall-keepers with their customers that friendships soon sprang up between the two. Even the camelots would pause to gossip; it pleased the man with the dancing dolls to describe how he sold others (not so wonderful) at the very same corner eleven years ago. And we, on several occasions, exchanged reflections with these merchants; and joked with them, and even went so far as to poke fun at the lemonade. And they, out of revenge, would shudder at that depressing tourist—"votre bon frère, l'Englisch"—and pity us, and hum the refrain, "Oh yais, vairy weel." And so it was sad on Monday last to see the stalls and their wares, the merchants and the camelots, particularly the lemonade—for the last time. Tickets alas! were pathetically cheap: two for five centimes. Said a camelot, "I shall sell five for a sou to-night." Picture postcards might be bargained for; guide books—at once weather-beaten—had declined in value. Here and there, melancholy camelots, holding up a pamphlet bordered with black, wearily proclaimed, "La mort de l'Exposition: deux sous." Gloom had settled upon the man with the dancing dolls; and upon the dolls also. Constant exposure had soiled their frocks and put their hair out of curl; constant exercise had made their step slow. For the last time, we watched the dolls wound up. For the last time, we glanced at the gingerbread and nuts. For the last time, we gazed upon the lemonade, now cloudy and very still. "Deux pour un sou," announced a camelot, flourishing his tickets. "Trois pour un sou," exclaimed a rival. "Ach'tez," pleaded a third, "la mort de l'Exposition—deux sous."

Within, we came upon invariable habitués—superannuated Parisians chiefly—who had basked drowsily in the sun a month ago, or sought shade from it, by judiciously selecting a corner in Old Paris, or on the

Champ de Mars, or in some foreign café. Punctually, they appeared; no less punctually—when the sun went down they departed. For so many hours of the day the Exhibition was their home; there, they would watch, dream, doze; wake up again with a start, smile upon the "gosse" who had been interested in their slumber; take a turn; sit down again. And, on Monday, they were in their places—rows of them, dignified old gentlemen, "pour la dernière fois." Occasionally, the sound of hammering reached them; and they would frown. Seven months ago the sound announced only the beginning: now it meant the end. And they found fault with this unseemly haste: protested that the destruction should not begin until the officials had shouted "On ferme!"—for the last time. "Eh bien, mon vieux," began one, "nous voici à la fin." "A dix heures, mon pauvre, on entendra le dernier coup de canon." Both sighed. Both rose to take a turn. Both explored old and favourite corners. Both wondered what the city would do without the Exhibition. Both agreed that Paris on the morrow should be called—"La Veuve" . . . In the Rue des Nations, the contents of many a handsome building were being already dislodged. Cases stood in corners, carpenters over them. Doorkeepers and officials—in their various costumes—waited impatiently for the end. Exasperated by the crowd, they assumed a contemptuous expression; when anyone protested that it was "shameful," "monstrous," and above all "infamous" to start unfurnishing so soon, they sneered. "Les étrangers sont trop pratiques," observed a lady. "Ils n'ont pas de cœur," replied her husband. "C'est brutale à la fin," declared a mother. "Et dire que c'est pour la dernière fois." Here and there, a band played; but the restaurants were deserted, dull. Waiters gossiped together, or played ball with corks. Only in the model pig-killing establishment, produced by Chicago, were the officials anxious to please the crowd. To be remembered, they were distributing almanacs, pocket-books, and pocket-mirrors. These, in themselves, might be considered useful if not valuable; but on the back of each was an advertisement that spoiled the gift—a fervent plea to order without delay—'s canned turkey, canned chicken, canned beef. Even these presents, however, failed to exhilarate the Parisian. Moodily he went his way, scowling occasionally at a number of tourists, who, by reason of their boisterous behaviour, often earned his condemnation. They, enjoying his anger, would laugh more than ever then. He, "énervé," scowled again. They, delighted at their success, addressed one another as "Mossoo." He, turning to his neighbour, exclaimed: "Voyez, Monsieur, ces gentlemen. Ils ne respectent rien. Ils pourraient au moins se conduire convenable aujourd'hui—puisque c'est pour la dernière fois."

No sooner was it dark than the electric fountains, the Porte Monumentale, the Eiffel Tower—together with electric fairy lamps and electric globes—were made to shine. And, very shortly afterwards, it began to rain. Pavilions, trees, terraces became damp. Parisians got damp. The superannuated gentlemen grew damp; and, although haunted by a fear of having influenza or bronchitis or rheumatism or all three on the morrow, they nevertheless stayed on to hear the cannon in the Eiffel Tower announce the closure of the Exhibition precisely at ten. Thousands filled the grounds; but their mood was melancholy, their step slow, their depression complete. Favourite corners were visited—everyone wished to see Old Paris, or the Rue des Nations, or some Eastern building, or a particular feature once more: and so it was usual to hear "par ici," and "par là," and "vite, mon cher," and always "c'est pour la dernière fois." Sentimental reflections were plentiful. "We are saying good-bye to an old friend, a very dear friend," proclaimed a lady. "In an hour darkness, véritable darkness, will come upon us," sighed another. And again: "Avançons vite, c'est pour la dernière fois." Reminiscences were exchanged. "Le bock chez — était épatant; l'orchestre chez — était ravissant; les brioches chez — étaient délicieuses." And again: "Allons prendre un bock chez —, c'est pour la dernière fois." As time went on, and ten o'clock approached, the rain stopped, and the crowd—mindful that only a short respite remained—hastened to and

fro in quest of last views. But there was no gaiety, no exhilaration, and—save for the hammering, the clearing away of tables, the heaping up of chairs—no noise. Watches were often consulted: it was usual to hear "encore vingt minutes;" "encore un quart d'heure;" "mais non, tu avances;" and, at last, "allons au Tour . . . il est presque dix heures." There, beneath the illuminated Tower, were the superannuated Parisians; there, was the père de famille; there, were his children; there, was a black mass of people quietly waiting for the cannon to go off for the last time. Watches were drawn out; "encore trois minutes;" "encore deux minutes" . . . "il est dix heures." And then, as the cannon boomed, as red fire was lighted on every stage of the Eiffel Tower, as a suffocating smoke filled the air, as cries of "On ferme, on ferme!" went up in the distance, the superannuated gentlemen—at least two of them—might have been seen to shake hands, and a portly little bourgeois might have been heard to say to his son: "Regarde bien, Edouard; regarde bien l'Exposition . . . car c'est pour la dernière fois."

"ENGLISH ART, 1900."

"A MOST interesting experiment;" "a bold idea completely justified by success;" "a new departure full of hope for the future of English art;" such were a few of the phrases that might be overheard from the visitors, critics, and obliging *personnel* in Messrs. Agnew's Gallery at the opening of a memorable exhibition. It is not every firm that can afford to imperil its position and take so audacious a plunge into the unknown; indeed, many who have watched the enlightened but moderate course taken by this house in the past, must have trembled when it was rumoured that they had specially commissioned a number of young and obscure artists to paint pictures with no limitation except in the matter of size. All honour, we say, to the generous impulse that prompted so striking a venture! We are not of those who deprecate all novelty in the subjects or treatment of the pictorial art; we would extend a ready appreciation to all sincere effort inspired with a due regard for the past; at the same time we sometimes fear that the catholicity of taste so fashionable for the moment, a catholicity that has seriously relaxed the standards of our school as shown in the annual exhibitions of its most representative body (the reference is to the much-abused institution that opens its gates annually in May, in Piccadilly, to the curiosity of the picture-seeing public), that this so-called catholicity may cover tendencies which in the hands of the more eccentric of our younger painters will go far to substitute a certain measure of (shall we say) the merely unexpected for that engaging, and, if the word is not too strong, sober recognition of what the cultivated spectator may demand in the works offered to his aesthetic judgment, which is no small part of a sound appreciation of the elements that constitute the basis of Art. With so much by way of preface, and to guard against a possible misconception, we may frankly admit that with all its faults of undisciplined individualism, straining after sensational effect, devotion to purely technical curiosity, and absence of true imaginative elevation, this exhibition of new talent justifies the bold policy of its promoters and deserves from the critic a lenient, a patient, one had almost said an unbiassed consideration. Pictures that it would be folly to expose to the ordeal of competition with the leaders of the art in the select exhibitions of well-tried and recognised exponents may claim our attention in a season during which custom denies us the more serious and comprehensive displays of the year's output.

We shall leave on one side, as somewhat overstepping the limits of our sympathy, those exercises in the revival of an ancient and undesirable civilisation which have employed the brushes of two gentlemen whom we guess from their titles to be amateurs who handle the pencil to employ their leisure, Sir E. J. Poynter and Sir L. Alma Tadema. There must, to our mind, be something of unwholesome affectation in the imagination which cannot find satisfaction in the material of homely everyday life, but must revive the

manners of a corrupt and effete period to tickle an exhausted palate. Art it may be, but it is certainly un-English. The name, indeed, of one of these gentlemen suggests foreign extraction, and we are surprised that a firm which has steadfastly set its face against the dangerous inroads of French ideals should countenance so dangerous a precedent. In any case the incidents depicted ("Diana and Endymion" and "Vain Courtship") are not of a nature that any of us would wish to see permanently displayed before the eyes of the young. If it is urged that the incidents after all are merely the pretext for the exercise of astonishing technical dexterity, we reply that, giving all credit to the painters for technical ability, we could wish to see it applied to more worthy subjects. The amours of a Diana, the intrigues of the Roman *atrium* have little that is ennobling in their suggestions. We would not however be unduly severe on youthful and presumably foreign students, and we would direct their attention to a picture signed Marcus Stone in this collection which, without being far-fetched, renders a situation, so far as our knowledge goes, never before handled, and yet full of sweet and wholesome sentiment expressed with a quiet finish that has no suggestion of dexterity. "The End of the Story" is the last act of a drama of which we have not had the advantage of assisting at the previous developments, but we may conjecture that the story of this disconsolate damsel is none other than that familiar to us in the words of the poet as the "Old Old Story." It is in his views of dramatic fitness that Mr. Stone belongs to the newest school and therefore gives us an up-to-date tragic ending. We are old-fashioned enough to hope that he will think better of it, and that this fresh and original picture may be but the first of a long series.

We hasten however to the consideration of a picture more characteristic of the New Painting alike in its weaknesses and its strength. This is "The Doctor" by Mr. Luke Fildes, a name new to the present writer. If in inviting Mr. Fildes to contribute, Messrs. Agnew desired that he should give rein to his fancy and produce a work untrammelled by the demands of popular taste, in fact "art for art's sake," they have succeeded. We can conceive nothing more defiantly hostile to the sentiments of the ordinary Philistine or even the cultivated student of the arts, nothing that demonstrates more conclusively the extent to which the mere research of effects of illumination has carried the enthusiasts among our rising painters and made them oblivious of much that used to be considered essential in picture-making. To begin with, the subject is a most painful one. It is well known that in recent French painting the hospital competes with scenes of bloodshed for the attention of the idle visitor to the Salon; one may see the effect of this in a certain callousness to suffering displayed in the work of our younger school, but never has this influence on unthinking youth been so marked as in Mr. Fildes's canvas. No Frenchmen even, so far as our observation has extended, have ventured to represent a scene so distressing as this: they have gloated over all the details of adult indisposition; Mr. Fildes actually invites us to gaze on the sick-bed of a child. When we ask how a man probably in himself as kindly and tender-hearted as the rest of us could have so far forgotten the natural susceptibilities of at least the British onlooker, we find the answer in his absorption in the study of artificial and natural illumination, the conflict of the dawn stealing in through the windows and contending with the warm light of the lamp. Preoccupied with what the latest jargon of the *ateliers* calls "values," Mr. Fildes does not spare us a single distressing detail. A Timanthes would at least have turned away the agonised faces of the parents, and would have veiled, with reticent hand, those medicine-bottles; but we are far here from the classic tradition, and the new art will not bate one haggard countenance that may happen to reflect a startling light, nay, will intrude the phial and the pill-box on the quivering sense if only the label or the glass supplies a "note" in some esoteric colour-harmony.

We speak strongly, but it is because we recognise in Mr. Fildes's work such remarkable powers of observation. Let us be just to him here. The latest

researches of colour-photography have, we are informed, revealed the existence of just such strange effects. What to the untutored eye will seem in this picture a pervading blackness with touches of crude colour utterly unlike the ordinary aspect of nature, is, it appears, the last word of the researches of the camera. Mr. Fildes had anticipated the scientific demonstration by painful study superadded to a rare optical acuity. Henceforth we must consider "the black shadow" as a definitely acquired fact, and though some of us would hesitate to see the faces of our nearest and dearest subjected to an analysis which will always, we must think, remain the instrument of the few, we will not be so reactionary as to deny that this curiosity in the study of lighting may have its place in the house of art, which, after all, is one of many mansions. Only we would urge on Mr. Fildes, and we have taken him as the type of much to be seen upon these walls, that this fanatical pursuit of what may be seen by the mere eye may lead far from the true goal of art. We do not wish him to banish all sunlight, or even, when there is a sufficient reason for their employment, the less meretricious of the artificial lights, but let him remember that in the work of the past it is not such lights as these that stir our deepest sentiments; it is rather

"The light that never was on sea or land."

It is salutary to remember that this line was addressed by Wordsworth to a landscape by Sir George Beaumont, in whose view this consecrating light in pictures should be "a warm fiddle-brown."

We must apologise to the members of the New English Art Club for giving to the tentative and experimental work of Messrs. Agnew's interesting recruits a precedence which their well-established reputations might more properly claim. But the art of Mr. Steer does not depend upon a novelty of the moment or uncertain promise; with a measure of relief, we confess, we took refuge in the Dudley Gallery from the exciting, but rather pyrotechnic atmosphere of Bond Street, and it was with no surprise that we remarked there the presence of the gifted manager of Messrs. Agnew, apparently, in a pardonable relapse, contemplating the purchase of a picture, by one of those painters whom the newer lights would perhaps despise as old fogies.

D. S. M

"HEROD" AS DRAMATURGY.

THE prime point to Mr. Phillips' honour is that he has given us in Herod himself a finely convincing figure. He has not merely conceived a lover and labelled him with the name of an eminent character in history. That is the lamentable way of most dramatists, but not his. He convinces us, by adduction of dramatic evidence, that this is indeed Herod the Great. He does not say "You may take it from me that my hero is the great statesman or warrior whose name is familiar to you all; and now let's get on to the love-interest." With the dramatist's instinct, he knows that this little trick is bound not to come off, never has come off, never will; and that if a dramatist wish to obtain leverage with the name of a great historical figure he must make the figure show on the stage something of the greatness which we suppose it to have shown in real life. Accordingly, he shows to us not merely Herod the lover, but Herod the statesman, the tyrant, the man of grandiose ambitions and achievements. We see Herod, under the shock of Antony's death, determining on his policy, brushing aside the unimaginative cunning of the advice offered by his Chief Councillor. Forth he will go, to be face to face with Caesar himself, and will either have his will of Caesar or defy him with war. Forth he goes, the imaginative brain of Judæa, leaving to his ministers "whom to corrupt, and whom to kill, and whom to magnify," while he is at the higher task. He returns, and we hear how he has secured his sovereignty. Even as he has wrestled against Rome, we see him wrestling against his own citizens of Jerusalem. And we see him bend these maddened citizens to his will, even as he bended Rome—

Rome, whose mysterious, unseen power we are feeling throughout the play, as it were midway between Herod and Jehovah. The armed mob dares not strike him, subdued by his not idle boast that he is Judæa itself—"these veins are rivers, and these arteries are roads." Yes, here before us is indeed Herod the Great. And it is because of this conviction, because we see in him a man fulfilled with power and with the lust for power, that the tragedy strikes deeply into us. For the motive of the tragedy, the pervading motive of it, is the conflict between Herod the king and Herod the lover, his passion for policy and his passion for Mariamne. Always these two passions are at war. Now one, now the other, triumphs. Again and again does Herod the lover triumph over Herod the king. And by our knowledge of the king's passion we measure how great must be the strength of his love for Mariamne, how awful his severance from her. "Witness at least," he cries to Mariamne's unheeding ears, "that never woman was so loved as thou, that never man from the beginning loved as I." And again the boast seems to us not idle. His love being thus realised by us, we realise, also, how deep must be that love and mourning for her murdered brother which enables Mariamne to withstand it, and prefer death to it. The whole tragedy is great because Herod himself is great. It is because the poet has had the power to create a great figure that his drama becomes sublime. Other dramatic poets might create a love-passion as finely as Mr. Phillips. But could they create a great figure as its receptacle? The inquiry is rather futile, Mr. Phillips being the only dramatic poet we have.

Out of the conflict he has chosen for his tragedy, out of the interplication of "policy and passion" Mr. Phillips draws his cumulative series of tragically ironic scenes. The boy Aristobulus, Mariamne's brother, must die, lest Herod be cast from his throne. As he passes out from the palace, Herod stops him and asks where he is going. He is going to bathe in the lake. Are there no treacherous weeds that will drag him down? No, he is a strong swimmer. He is going to swim, and to float, float "with his eyes skyward." Herod looks into his eyes, looks away—those eyes "are so like to Mariamne's." The boy passes out, and the faithful Sohemus, who is to do what "the treacherous weeds" will not do, follows him. Mariamne appears from the door of her chamber, and calls her husband to her. At sunset he will be on his journey; let him come to her and be with her now. Herod approaches her, slowly. They go out in each other's arms. The sun sinks lower. Somewhere the brother of Mariamne is bathing. Through the empty hall of the palace pass certain maidens. They pass to the balustrade of the terrace. They are languid from the heat of the long day. A little breeze is stirring, cool and scented, from the west. The maidens talk of this breeze. They sing for gladness of it, and, singing, disappear. The silence deepens. From her chamber comes the queen, with the king, her lover. She tells him that it is because he is so terrible and strong and merciless that she loves him so well. She had never loved him so well as on that day when he slew the assembled Sanhedrin. She bids him lift her from the ground and sway her to and fro. Sohemus passes them, on his way from the lake. "Bend back my head," she cries, "and look down in my eyes." He looks, and knows that somewhere those other eyes, "so like to Mariamne's," are turned, like hers, skyward. From the distance comes a faint sound of wailing. . . . The bier is borne into the palace. . . . Mariamne, kneeling over it, can scarcely bid her husband farewell, when he sets forth to meet Cæsar.

I have tried to give some vague notion of the power with which these scenes are ordered, of the ways in which the tragic irony is accumulated. I will now pause to make my one objection to Mr. Phillips' conduct of his theme. When Herod has gone, Gadias, the Chief Councillor, passes by the bier, and says "Perhaps 'twas for the best. Had he lived he might have been a public peril," or words to that effect. Mariamne immediately suspects. She then forces a full confession from Sohemus. This method of discovery is not dramatically convincing. Gadias would never have been guilty of the indiscretion foisted

upon him by Mr. Phillips; nor would Sohemus have betrayed his master, who had chosen him for his dog-like devotion. At any rate, their behaviour strains credulity. The nature of the discovery is out of key with the rest of the play, and savours too much of a tricky dramatist pulling wires for puppets. Mariamne has to know that Herod is the murderer of her brother. Confronted with this necessity, why did not Mr. Phillips let Herod himself confess? Then, instead of a complicated accident, we should have had a true and terrible development in the play's scheme. What could be more dramatically right than that Herod, when Mariamne unburdens herself of her admiration for his strength and mercilessness, should unburden his own remorseful soul of its secret, sure that the revelation would not rob him of her, sure that he could quickly overbear her first horror. Mr. Phillips may object that I am re-writing his play? Not at all. I merely suggest a change of detail, which would not affect the true course of the play itself. The act would end with the departure of Herod, appalled by Mariamne's revulsion, but sure that she would forgive him before his return. The beginning of the next act would be practically unchanged. Mariamne would rise, as now, to meet Herod, "like a black pine amid the bending corn," and he would recount to his court, ever looking at her, his triumph over Cæsar. He would be unable to conceive that she was still steeled against him. The irony of the scene would be even more poignant than it is now. Then would come a scene between the two, very slightly altered from its present form. Thenceforth the play would be exactly the same as it is now. Stay! Herod's jealousy of Sohemus, the motive which goads him finally to the murder of Mariamne, would have to be jettisoned. And really, this de-othelloisation would in itself be an improvement. It would knit the action still more closely to the idea, and make the tragedy more complete, if Herod (despairing, as now, of Mariamne's love) were to have her murdered solely for the sake of his sovereignty. Her refusal to discontinue her inflammatory visits to the tomb of Aristobulus ought to be the occasion for her end. After that, not a word need be changed. I do not suggest that Mr. Phillips, even with Mr. Tree's concurrence, should alter the play in its course at Her Majesty's. But, in view of later editions of his forthcoming book, he might turn my suggestions over in his mind.

I wish I had space in which to record the sequence of the scenes in the second act. I have never seen anything more powerful in its irony than the close of the second act,—Mariamne lying dead yonder in her chamber, and Herod striding up the steps to tell her of the territories which Cæsar has ceded to him—"Hippo-Samaria, and Gadara, and high-walled Joppa"—all these new territories which are for her alone. I wish I had space in which to follow the gradations of the perfect last act. Herod, crowned with ashes, sits on his throne. He is weak as a little child. His physician stands over him, watching. His courtiers stand around him, trying to win back for Judæa the brain that made it mighty. One feels a kind of dull pressure in the air—the pressure of so many minds all willing Herod back to sanity. The architects come to him with the plans of the new city. He has still his love of power, his love of beauty. But these passions burst out into impossible desires, into mad blasphemies. And through them both runs the one great passion which has destroyed him—the passion for Mariamne. Again and again he sends messengers to her, beseeching her to come. The messengers return, tell him she is coming indeed. He knows in his heart that Mariamne is dead, yet will he not believe that she is dead. Only by not believing that, can he live and be a king. She sleeps? But her breasts moved? The messenger must swear that he saw the moving of the breasts. . . . She spoke? No, they need not repeat her words. He could so well imagine. . . . As he begins to lose his power of deceiving himself, he loses his control of himself. The singing-boy runs to the steps of the throne and sings him into silence. Again the king cries out, wildly for Mariamne. He strides down, and the dancing-women scatter before him. The Physician orders the bearers to bring forth the

queen. Herod kisses the queen's lips. Shrinking back to his throne he "is stricken, and in catalepsy bound." Trumpets sound, Roman messengers march in and announce that Arabia has been ceded to him by Caesar. The final irony is consummated. Herod stands, unconscious, in the zenith of his power. He, whose mother bore him "neath a wild moon by a wintry sea," has fulfilled his appointed fate. By his greatness he has fallen. The conflict of such great passions as were in him was too fierce a conflict to be waged in the frail body of a mortal man. That is the meaning of this tragedy.

As Mariamne, Miss Maud Jeffries seemed to me too modern, not broad enough in her method. She looked very beautiful, however, and that was a strong point in her favour. Mariamne is one of the parts for which no actress, however fine, could be cast, unless she were also beautiful. It is, therefore, not an easy part to cast. I fancy Miss Jeffries was the best lady available. Miss Bateman played the part of Herod's mother, and was not so impressive as usual. She showed a tendency to be eccentric. Miss Calhoun, on the other hand, was admirable as Herod's sister, playing with a breadth of manner and a real sense for blank verse—qualities which one does not expect from actresses of the new school. As Gadias, Mr. Somerset, also, delivered his lines well, but was inclined to be rather too amusing. The part of Aristobulus demands little but youth and simplicity of demeanour, both of which were well supplied by Mr. Norman Tharp. The accident of consanguinity debars me from praising him who is Herod.

At Terry's Theatre Miss Loie Fuller is dancing; also a foreign troupe is performing in dumb show. I saw this dual affair when it was at the Coronet Theatre, a week or two ago. Madame Charlotte Wiehe, leader of the mutes, cut a very gay and graceful figure, and did not, as do most artists in *minique*, act on the principle that gestures were given us as a means of concealing our thoughts. Miss Fuller's art had become even more elaborate and startling than it was. But I am no convert to it. If the stage were filled with a hundred Miss Fullers, all working together, all in uniformly whirled and illumined veils, the effect would please me, no doubt. In a ballet, one forgets the human units. But the solitary dancer on the stage must have personal importance. One wishes her to dance beautifully, to express her soul in movement, to be something. Merely mechanical tricks, however skilfully played, will not atone to us for personal nullity. Miss Fuller seems to me null, and so I can snatch no pleasure from her skill in the art of manipulating layers of gauze, none from the limelighter's taste in tinting them. I sit in wonder, but that is all. Astray from the Lowther Arcade into a kaleidoscope, a doll would not less enrapture me.

MAX.

THE BEAUTY OF WAGNER'S VOCAL WRITING.

IN a quarterly musical contemporary Mr. W. J. Henderson, the New York musical critic, has lately demonstrated with admirable force and eloquence two things: first, that Wagner when he wrote his voice parts never intended them to be sung as they always were until lately, and as they are too commonly sung now; and, second, that it is only when they are delivered with full musical beauty that they become declamatory, that the meaning of the words is made really clear. Or rather, to be strictly accurate, he does not so much seek to demonstrate this second proposition as to prove that Wagner himself asserted it. This is new. For a long time we have all said that Wagner was too much of a musician and had too keen a sense of sheer musical beauty to wish any of his music to sound ugly. It is true that in the earlier days of Wagner—the days when there really were Wagnerites and a man could without damning himself in the eyes of the people proclaim himself an anti-Wagnerite—it is true that then Wagner sympathisers were wont to accept the ugliness as part and parcel of Wagner's music, and in some instances to plead extenuating circumstances and in others to show that it was re-

quired by the exigencies of the dramatic situations. I remember reading—how long ago it seems: how rapidly we grow old by the mere fact of going on living!—I remember reading a remarkable essay in which a monstrously eloquent lady (who had, I believe, been to Bayreuth, at that time a daring adventure) admitted it to be true that much of Wagner's music was "discordant;" but, she demanded, is it not good and right that so long as a discordant situation remains unresolved on, the stage equivalent discords should remain unresolved in the orchestra? She probably—or rather, certainly—knew too little harmony to be able to cite examples or to find out that there were none. One cannot guess how she would like, for instance, the music of the second act of "Tristan" to leave off, seeing that the curtain drops leaving the situation very far from "resolved." However, it matters nothing. The bad days are past, the days when Wagnerism was a cult and the playground for all sorts of mad, foolish or interested persons. For a long time everyone has felt ugliness in Wagner's music-dramas to be as abominably out of place as ugliness in Mozart's opera—everyone, that is to say, save the devoted, belated fools of the Bayreuth gang. But, so far as I know, Mr. Henderson is the first to carry the war into the Bayreuth camp, the first to steal into the camp, pick up the Master's weapons and ammunition and use them to destroy the few that remain of Wagner's earliest followers. "I find myself compelled," says Mr. Henderson, "to part company with the genuine Bayreuth style of Wagner singing. . . . The reason why I do not believe that this is the right way to sing Wagner, is that Wagner said it was not. It has always been my firm opinion that if any man who ever lived knew just what he wished, that man was Richard Wagner." Then he proceeds to quote from a letter sent by Wagner to Liszt in 1850. "Nowhere in the score of my 'Lohengrin' have I written above a vocal phrase the word 'recitative;' the singers ought not to know that there are any recitatives in it; on the other hand, I have been so intent upon weighing and indicating the verbal emphasis of the speech so surely and so distinctly, that the singers need only sing the notes, exactly according to their value in the given tempo, in order to get purely by that means the declamatory expression." "The singers ought not to know that there are any recitatives" is certainly one of the most beautiful examples I know of the composer's good-humoured scorn of the mere singer. Apart from that, the passage is extremely valuable as an indication of the way in which Wagner, at any rate in the year 1850, wished his music sung. He never afterwards wrote a line that could lead anyone to suppose he had changed his mind. On the contrary, a number of quotations given by Mr. Henderson from later writings only enable us to see the more plainly that Wagner wanted his music for the voice to be sung in tempo, to be treated as genuine music, not as a variety of dry recitative, and that he trusted to it, when sung in tempo, making the meaning of the words perfectly clear and communicating to all hearers the right emotion. So far Mr. Henderson, triumphantly. It is a point well worth establishing: after it one can no longer be content merely to protest against ugly singing; it becomes one's bounden duty to clamour for Wagner's music as Wagner himself wished it to be rendered.

One cannot, however, let that terrible beast, old-fashioned Wagner-singing, go without giving it a final shake. It is clear it never had any right to be. How on earth did the wretched thing come into existence? Undoubtedly it was in part due to rank stupidity, the worst kind of stupidity, the stupidity of singers, the most stupid people who ever walked the earth; partly, too, to an honest, justifiable, genuinely artistic revolt against the inane, insane, meaningless warbling of the Italian school. In that revolt Wagner had a share. I cannot believe he liked his music-dramas to be sung as they were in his lifetime and until long afterwards; but I believe he thought that style of singing a great deal better than it really was. It must have been grateful to his ear to take in his phrases delivered intelligently. Brains, brains, brains, he had begged and prayed for;

without brains, without some understanding of his dramatic intention, it was impossible for his works ever to make the slightest impression on the public, whereas—as the event has proved—an impression could be made with brains and the minimum of voice and vocal art; and in spite of the theorisings in his letters to Liszt and elsewhere, it is not difficult to believe that for the sake of brains he not only put up with the absence of voice and vocal art, but actually came to underrate them a little. Of course had any of his friends possessed sufficient courage to say to him abruptly, at an unexpected moment, "My dear Richard, is this the way you want your operas sung: do you dare to call this singing at all?" it is more than probable that Richard would have been extremely contrite and admitted it was not, and declared it was the best he could get and he must endure it. He might even have pointed out that singers rarely have brains, and intellectual people never have voices. But no one ever put the question; Wagner let the bad singing pass and said all he could for the good points of the bad singers; the bad singers got huge reputations and were idolised and imitated by the rising generation; and after the habit of singing intelligently had grown as common as the habit of singing unintelligently had formerly been, all the world continued to think, was confirmed in its belief, that intelligent singing must of necessity be, as singing, bad and ugly. Unhappily for vocal art, Wagner's music-dramas are packed full of beautiful passages for the orchestra; and these, and the poignancy of his dramatic situations, for too long reconciled us all to what we considered the inevitable squalor and ugliness of his music for the voice. Singers insisted that Wagner was a writer for the orchestra, not for the voice; and as we had always thought so, we accepted their dictum as final. But when the ugliness became more and more exaggerated, and the intelligence was too often hard to find, we began to kick at the Bayreuth manner of singing; when Jean de Reszke and Ternina really sang we kicked harder than ever; in fact we kicked so hard that we kicked the wretched beast to death; and this paragraph is a final kick at his carcase.

With all the courageous display of the man about to state the obvious as a new and daring thing I now affirm that not only must Wagner's vocal parts be not delivered in the tedious old fashion, that not only can they be beautifully sung, but that the parts are in themselves absolutely beautiful, amongst the world's most beautiful music. The only reason why their full measure of loveliness is not recognised is that few singers can sing them; and the reason why so few singers can sing them is that they are based on modern harmonies of which singers know nothing at all. For more than a century a certain type of musical phraseology, based on the old simple harmonies, has been accepted as vocal; for more than a century singers have been trained to sing music entirely made up of phrases of this type; and it is natural that when they are confronted by music written in an altogether different idiom they should at once declare it to be not vocal and really find it very hard indeed to sing. It is natural also that they should rarely learn to sing it well: it is as much as they can do to get the notes, and tone and phrasing are allowed to go. Their case is analogous to the case of the student who studies counterpoint and masters the very easy trick of writing exercises also based on ancient harmonies. As soon as he tries to write in the modern style, using modern harmonies, he finds the artifices of the schools useless, and bungles along scarcely with more grace than the man who has never studied counterpoint at all. A surprising thing is that the vocal exercises which would-be prima donnas and tenors study are not in the least vocal. If they were, the fact of their being based on elementary harmonies would count for little or nothing. But they are not: they are phrases that sound far better on some wind instrument than when delivered by the human voice. The only veritable vocal music prior to Wagner's is that of Bach. Bach, it is true, took the conventional melodic outlines of his immediate predecessors; but he modified them so that they came to approximate to the natural intonations of the human voice expressive of keen emotion. After Bach, Mozart,

Beethoven and the rest wrote purely instrumental outlines until Wagner came. He based his vocal music on the words of his dramas, wringing the latent music out of the words, so to say, and shaping it to exquisite beauty. The highest, holiest, loveliest thing that man can know is the quickening spirit of man; and the music informed by that spirit, the music steeped in every fibre, interpenetrated by sheer human emotion, is the highest and of necessity the loveliest we can ever know. That is to say, so long as the world lasts, we shall know nothing finer, nobler, more splendid, than the music Wagner gave to the voice. The conventional patterns of the old world are dismissed: in it we find freer, more lovely patterns, and every bar is poignantly expressive. If only singers of this generation were fully in touch with the harmony of this generation and could perceive the simplicity of Wagner's vocal phrases! Then we might at last hear "The Valkyrie," "The Dusk of the Gods," "Siegfried" and "Tristan" beautifully sung, and perceive that Wagner, besides being a great master of the orchestra, was a great master of the human voice.

J. F. R.

THE WEAVER.

ON a pinnacle of air,
Lit by moons invisible,
In a perilous hour I stand,
Gathering, gathering!

Sunken is the desolate earth
Into still oblivion,
Whence it sprang to birth;
Fallen are the sea and land;
All that wars with Joy or Care;
All that battles in the sun.

Like the throbbing of a bell
Down a haunted valley,
Woven of the mist of dream,
Shakes the voice unknown;
Faltering, where the pale moon-gleam
Stirs the purple of the night,
Laying fingers white
On the veil unperceable.

Like a terror blown
Down a valley lone,
Where the lowering scours
Hide the flickering stars,
Shakes the voice above me:
Unseen powers move me;
Set my soul's white wandering hands
Gathering, gathering,

Gathering imperishable
Colours of the sunless lands,
Set my white hands weaving
Songs of unknown stars with the dark
sea's grieving.

WILFRID WILSON GIBSON

THE ART OF INSURING WELL.

IN a previous issue we have dealt with the art of assuring well. There is some distinction between assurance and insurance, but precisely what the distinction is, is not very obvious. Perhaps it is convenient to consider that the term assurance applies to Life policies, under which the sum assured is certain to be paid at some time or other; while the word insurance implies protection which in certain contingencies may result in a payment being made to the policy-holder. As thus interpreted the word insurance applies to Fire, Accident, Marine, Burglary, and other miscellaneous policies. When it is desired to use a single expression to embrace every branch of the subject it is convenient to use the word insurance.

In dealing now with the art of insuring well we propose to refer only to the question of Fire insurance, in regard to which it is generally supposed that all companies charge the same rates, and that provided a policy is taken in an office that is financially sound, there is no advantage to be gained by insuring with one company rather than with another. It is well known that practically all the first-class fire insurance companies regulate their rates in accordance with a fixed tariff, and experience proves that this tariff is in the best interests of the insured. From time to time companies are started on a non-tariff basis. More often than not the result is failure, but when such companies prove successful they sooner or later become tariff offices. It might naturally be thought by people unacquainted with the facts of the case that the existence of a powerful tariff combination would be detrimental to the interests of the insured, and doubtless if the tariff were worked by unscrupulous people this might be so; as a matter of fact the tariff as worked in the country has quite the opposite effect, and the influence of the tariff is distinctly beneficial to the holders of fire insurance policies.

In spite of the existence of the tariff, which imposes upon all the best offices the necessity of charging similar premium for similar risks, an insurer can exercise the art of insuring well by selecting certain offices with which to insure, that is to say he can do so provided the property that he wishes to insure is not classified as "hazardous." Three fire insurance companies of the highest standing, the County, Hand-in-Hand and Westminster, founded in 1806, 1696, and 1717 respectively, offer exceptional advantages to private insurers, and to people whose risks are not of a hazardous character. It is the practice of these three offices to return to their policy-holders at the end of five or seven years some proportion of the premiums paid, but they all exhibit a charming modesty in regard to advertising this fact. It may be that they do not wish to emphasise the advantages they offer for fear of taking undue advantage of other companies which are fellow-members of the Tariff Association. All three offices are loyal members of the Association, and have worked on their present lines for a very long period. It is much to their credit that they lay so little stress upon the advantages they offer to certain classes of insurers; but when it is an actual fact that fire insurance of certain kinds can be effected at the same premium with equal security, with a return of part of the premiums paid in some cases, and without a return of part of the premiums in other cases, it seems a pity that the fact should not be generally known.

CORRESPONDENCE.

SOCIALISM AND REPUBLICANISM.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Mr. Belfort Bax has filled my bill exactly. You now understand the dismay with which the old guard of Socialism regards the enlistment in the movement of the ordinary respectable citizen, with all his social and religious prejudices in complete working order, but with a new perception that what the Socialist agitator calls "the Capitalist System" is an unbusiness-like one, and that the welter of misery which incommodates and threatens us at every turn is not, after all, the inevitable punishment of vice, idleness and

drink, but a preventable result of leaving the industrial organisation of Society to chance and individual greed. This enlistment of our old bugbear "the bourgeoisie" has been made possible by the Fabian Society, which has, in effect, arranged terms between Socialism and respectability—terms which make a Fabian Ministry seem much more feasible to-day than the Progressive majority on the London County Council seemed two years before it sprang into existence on the basis of a sudden Fabian leaflet entitled "Questions for County Councillors."

William Morris used to say of Mr. Bax that he was "uncommon good company"; and Morris could not endure the ordinary respectable man. Now what Mr. Bax means by a genuine Socialist is a choice spirit who shares all his heterodoxies and is to him what he was to Morris. There are on the continent of Europe possibly a thousand such persons (though I doubt it). I am one of them: I get on excellently with Bax, as I did with Morris. But we belonged to three separate societies; and the truth is, when Morris finally became convinced that Socialism was going to come about in Mr. Sidney Webb's way, he, after a totally unsuccessful attempt to reconcile myself and Mr. Hyndman politically, left the Socialist warpath and took to printing. And here let me remark that Mr. Hyndman is no less excellent company, being also one of the heterodox. As the old saying has it: Heaven for piety, and Hell for company. But Mr. Hyndman despises the Fabian Society with an intensity that reduces Mr. Bax's contempt to mere superciliousness. Observe the dilemma. These freethinking Socialists who have all the heterodoxies, and who are by temperament so sympathetic to one another that their most conscientious efforts to quarrel personally fall through the moment they meet one another in private, invariably differ so widely as to the path by which Socialism will come that the same Society will hardly hold two of them. And since to limit the ranks of Socialism to this handful of irreconcilables would be to admit the impossibility of Socialism, its members desperately try to believe that the crowds they attract are all even as themselves. Put 500 professed Socialists into Hyde Park on Sunday afternoon, with 2,000 working-men with a grievance to back them up, and 2,500 other people to stare at them; and every Socialist paper will chronicle next week a mass meeting of 200,000 class-conscious Socialist class-warriors. And other people will believe it too. When Mr. Bax and I were comrades in a stage army of about twenty persons, the "Church Review" very gravely estimated our numbers at 4,000.

It would not suit the Fabian purpose to keep up this mystification, even if it could impose on anyone in these times of comparative prosperity, when there is so little (*comparatively*) of that ghastly simulacrum of Socialism rampant in the early eighties, whose real name was Starvation. The Fabians are prosaic, perhaps; but they know how things are done in England. Take four of the more prominent authors of the Fabian policy and program. One graduated in the Colonial Office for the most important chairmanship on the London County Council. One is the chairman of the General Management Committee of the London School Board. One is acting governor of Jamaica. One is a vestryman-dramatist. Such occupations are not favourable to millennial illusions. We know the human material we have to deal with; and we know that not one per cent. of it is Lassalleian, Marxite or "uncommon good company" in Morris's sense. We also know the history of our own movement. We know that Lassalle attempted to organise the imaginary class-conscious proletariat, and was disillusioned before the end of the first year by the "damned wantlessness" of the real proletariat. We know that Owen had failed before him, after apparently converting all Trade-Unionism to his New Moral World. We know that Marx can hardly be said to have tried, and that the moment he allowed the suppression of the Paris Commune to provoke him into letting English working-men know what he really thought of bourgeois civilisation, they abandoned him in horror and left the International memberless. We know that Liebknecht made no serious headway until he became a parliamentarian, playing the parliamentary game more

pliable than Parnell did, though always "old-soldiering" his way with the greenhorns by prefacing each compromise with the declaration that Social Democracy never compromised. Knowing these things, we know too that we must reckon with them. In 1885 we agreed to give up the delightful ease of revolutionary heroics and take to the hard work of practical reform on ordinary parliamentary lines. In 1888 we published Fabian Essays without a word in them about the value theory of Marx. In 1893 we made the first real attack made by Socialists on Liberalism, on which occasion the Social-Democratic Federation promptly joined in the Liberal outcry against us. In 1896 we affirmed that the object of Socialism was not to destroy private enterprise, but only to make the livelihood of the people independent of it by Socialising the common industries of life, and driving private enterprise into its proper sphere of art, invention and new departures. This year we have led the way in getting rid of the traditional association of our movement with that romantic nationalism which is to the Pole and the Irishman what Jingoism is to the Englishman. That is our record—a record of battle with the other Socialist bodies, of scorn from Mr. Bax, Mr. Hyndman, and the old guard generally. But they have had to come along after us, in spite of their protests. The growth of the Socialist bodies has been in exact proportion to their Fabianisation. Liebknecht and Bebel long ago took to throwing Herr Landauer bodily out of the International Socialist Congresses as "an Anarchist," though he was nothing but a good Baxite denouncing them as bourgeois Socialists and compromisers. Their Agrarian program, long resisted on the purely doctrinaire ground that Marx had explained that the peasant must succumb to the steam plough and to bonanza farming, has forced itself on the German party by mere weight of facts, and made an end of Marxian orthodoxy. Millerand is in the ministry, colleague of Gallifet, whom Marx, by mere force of rhetoric, made a whole generation of Socialists passionately execrate for the frank ferocity with which he tried to exterminate the Federals of 1871. The once revolutionary Social-Democratic Federation has been forced by the competition of the quite constitutional Independent Labour Party to give up all its ancient Maccabean poetry, and, after a period of uselessness and surpassing unpopularity as an Anti-Fabian Society with a speciality for abusing Mr. John Burns, to settle down into a sort of Ultra-Independent Labour Party, ready to amalgamate with its rival if only an agreement can be arrived at as to which is to be considered as swallowing the other. In short, the whole history of Socialism during the last fifteen years in England, France, Germany, Belgium, Austria, and America, has been its disentanglement from the Liberal tradition of armed insurrection stamped on Marx, Engels and Liebknecht in 1848, and its emergence in a characteristic and original form of its own, modified by national character, and, in England, calling itself Fabianism when it is self-conscious enough to call itself anything at all.

As to the dispute between myself and Mr. Bax, it amounts to this. What Mr. Bax means by Socialism is as much Socialism as he wants: what I mean by it is as much as he is likely to get. He says that Marx was more of a Republican than Odger because Odger thought Republicanism would solve the social question, whereas Marx did not. That is precisely what I mean when I say that Odger was more of a Republican than Marx. As to the entire assimilation of Socialism by the world, the world has never yet assimilated the whole of any Ism, and never will. Judaism, Roman Imperialism, Feudalism, Liberalism (to mention only the recent and familiar ones): of these it has assimilated more than was good for it, even to violent reaction; but in every case its appetite was satisfied long before its meal was finished; and so it will be with Socialism. £2 a week, facilities for a weekly trip to Margate, and the services of a reasonably efficient Borough or County Council will be millennium enough for the English proletarian. It is true that we are far enough off that at present, and are in fact still dancing on a thin crust of good trade over the crater of insurrection as if the present prosperity were sure to last for ever; but the

poorer we are the longer it will take us to arrive at Mr. Bax's needs.

Finally, I assure Mr. Bax that I do not speak scornfully of his heterodoxies. What I cannot stand are his insufferable orthodoxies, his prostration before "Democratic Ideals," his shibboleths about "the class struggle," his tags from our Marxist schoolbooks. Why have we been plunged into all this immoderate letter-writing, to the confusion of quiet readers of the SATURDAY REVIEW? Because a writer therein made the heterodox remark that a man could be a Socialist without being a Republican. It was true; but it would have shocked Liebknecht and the other veterans of '48 as much as it would have shocked, from the opposite point of view, the SATURDAY subscribers of the sixties. Consequently Mr. Bax owed it to his orthodoxy to contradict it. I owe it to my Fabian heterodoxy to confirm it.—Yours truly,

G. BERNARD SHAW.

Montpellier, le 1^{er} novembre 1900.

MONSIEUR LE DIRECTEUR,—Sera-t-il permis à un Français, qui lit toutes les semaines votre Revue avec le plus grand intérêt, de dire son mot dans la controverse qui s'est élevée entre votre correspondant, M. Belfort Bax et M. Bernard Shaw?

M. Bernard Shaw, avec son habitude ingéniosité, voudrait démontrer que le socialisme n'est nécessairement associé ni avec le républicanisme, ni avec le déisme ou le "cosmisme," ni même avec la démocratie.

Théoriquement, et en vidant les mots de leur sens historique, G. B. S. a sûrement raison. Il se peut même que pratiquement, en Angleterre, le socialisme s'accommode d'une constitution dont la souplesse est universellement admirée.

Mais de quoi s'agit-il? Uniquement de savoir si MM. Jaurès et Millerand sont vraiment des "men of too much intelligence to associate their economic opinions with any particular form of government." Or, aucun Français, je crois, ne pourra lire cette phrase sans sourire. Et il n'y a pas de socialiste chez nous qui ne lie indissolublement ses espoirs au maintien de la République.

Sans doute, s'il ne s'agit que de faire voter quelques lois ouvrières, un gouvernement impérialiste ou monarchique pourra s'en charger. L'histoire est là pour le prouver. C'est sous Louis-Philippe que fut limitée pour la première fois la durée du travail des enfants dans les fabriques. C'est à Napoléon III que nous devons la liberté des grèves.

Mais une transformation radicale de la propriété, ou même simplement des lois ayant une sérieuse répercussion financière sur les profits, ne sont possibles chez nous qu'en République. Et cela, pour une raison bien simple. C'est qu'il faudrait pour les décréter une pression populaire supérieure à toutes celles que nous avons vues jusqu'ici, et seul un gouvernement ultra-démocratique pourrait céder à cette pression. Or l'histoire de France ne nous fournit l'exemple d'aucun gouvernement monarchique ou impérialiste qui fût en même temps démocratique.

Sans doute si l'on oppose le mot démocratique uniquement au mot aristocratique, on peut dire que l'Empire et la monarchie de juillet ont été démocratiques, car ni l'un ni l'autre de ces gouvernements n'a fait une très large place à l'élément nobiliaire et aristocratique. Mais le mot "démocratique" a pris chez nous un sens beaucoup plus étendu. Il implique un gouvernement où la masse du peuple a l'influence prépondérante. Or tout gouvernement impérial ou royal aurait nécessairement pour effet d'exclure la masse populaire de ses conseils; il ne pourrait s'appuyer que sur l'armée d'une part, sur la grande propriété, la grande industrie et la Haute-finance de l'autre. On m'accordera qu'il ne faut pas attendre de ces éléments une transformation économique radicale.

Voilà ce que MM. Jaurès et Millerand sont trop intelligents pour ne pas voir. Et si par impossible ils nourrissaient une conception pareille à celle que leur prête votre correspondant, ils savent trop que leurs troupes, les masses ouvrières sur lesquelles ils s'appuient, sont foncièrement et profondément républicaines, pour pouvoir même songer à ne pas être républicains.

En Angleterre on peut concevoir un "toryisme démocratique;" en Allemagne nous avons vu un Bismark lassallien; chez nous les leçons de l'histoire et les forces sociales existantes ont lié indissolublement toute possibilité de transformations sociales à la forme républicaine du gouvernement. Cela est si vrai que nos catholiques démocrates eux-mêmes sont tous républicains.

Veuillez agréer, monsieur le directeur, l'assurance de ma haute considération.

CHARLES RIST,
Professeur d'économie politique à
l'Université de Montpellier.

THE CARE OF WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Winchester, 3 November, 1900.

SIR,—I withdraw, without the least hesitation or apology, my epithet of Gallio. I will deal with the Dean's four points in turn.

(I) Yesterday, to make assurance doubly sure, I revisited the cathedral and examined it, inside and out, with a cold, critical, impartial eye. The Close gave me a shock. It was more unkempt than ever. The grass seemed not to have been mown or rolled for months, possibly for years. It could scarcely be seen at a distance for the great accumulation of fallen leaves. One old man was sullenly sweeping in the distance (after all, loam has its value) but obviously weeks would be needed for him to make an impression. I examined the grass minutely. Every variety of weed was luxuriant. The borders were untrimmed. Great patches of bare earth called aloud for seed. The gravel had been neither rolled, nor raked, nor hoed; parts of it were green with weeds. Stone flags on the north side were almost concealed by the grass which sprang from their interstices. Indeed, there was grass everywhere except where grass ought to be. To-day, to make assurance trebly sure, I commissioned a stranger to visit the cathedral and report upon its state. "Say just what you think," I begged without hinting at the existence of criticism. "The Close is very bad," was the report; "such a state of things would not be tolerated at a private house."

(II) Inside I found that the débris had been removed. The pavement had been recently swabbed and was still wet, like the deck of a steamer. Some hasty process of cleansing had evidently been adopted in the face of criticism. But the dust was as bad as ever. The exquisitely chased statue of King Charles I. was thickly coated with it. So were most of the monuments. Some brass slabs, on the other hand, had been polished up vigorously and presented a strange contrast amid the general untidiness.

(III) I am informed that the claim for sixpences has been withdrawn and that visitors are admitted to the eastern portions of the cathedral without let or hindrance. Can this be in deference to an anonymous criticism, which the Dean professes to regard as a bad joke? If so, it is a strange confession of weakness.

(IV) As to the services, I could say a great deal, but I have already intruded far upon your space. And with reference to the Dean's appeal for my subscription, I should be glad to entrust him with it, if he could convince me that it would be usefully expended. The result of his expenditure of £12 a month on the Close does not encourage a belief in his business aptitude.

In conclusion, allow me to protest against the tone of the Dean's letter. He seems to think that all criticism of the care of *his* cathedral ("my roof" he actually ventures to say about the roof of the cathedral!) is an impertinence. I have no quarrel with him and am only concerned that a famous shrine should receive the respect and reverent care which are undoubtedly its due.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

WINTON.

P.S.—10 November. Commander Crawford's letter throws little fresh light on the controversy. The Dean boasts of the absence of leaves; the Captain protests that many gardeners would be needed to avert leaves at this time of year. Well, why not employ them?—W.

REVIEWS.

HUXLEY'S LIFE AND LETTERS.

"Life and Letters of Thomas Henry Huxley." By his son Leonard Huxley. 2 vols. London: Macmillan. 1900. 30s. net.

MR. LEONARD HUXLEY made a wise limitation, when he decided simply to edit his father's letters, explaining them by necessary narrative. Huxley's vast contributions to exact science, to the theory of science, to education and to philosophical thought would require for their exposition many large treatises by experts; the volumes now before us are a presentation of the man rather than of his work. We notice with regret an unfortunate number of mistakes, obviously due to verbal errors in the transcription from handwriting of names and phrases with which Mr. Leonard Huxley was unfamiliar. Apart from this criticism, we have nothing but praise for the happy mode in which a strong and extremely interesting personality has been made known to the public.

Huxley came of a rural stock, the home of which is now represented by a farm near Chester, named Huxley Hall. He himself pretended to no great interest in the question of his ancestry. "My own genealogical inquiries," he said, "have taken me so far back that I confess the later stages do not interest me." He was born at Ealing, the youngest of a large family; after a short and unsatisfactory experience of an unreformed public school there, Huxley moved with his family to Coventry, and for some years, so far as education goes, was left to his own resources. Entries from a journal kept by him between the ages of fifteen and seventeen show that his mind was reaching out in all directions. He read Carlyle, and throughout his life acknowledged his heavy indebtedness to that portent of the early part of this century. Later on, the two became acquainted, but Carlyle would have none of what he called the "monkey damnification of mankind." Near the end of Carlyle's life Huxley saw him walking slowly and alone down the opposite side of the street, and, touched by his solitary appearance, crossed over and spoke to him. The old man looked at him, and merely remarking, "You're Huxley, aren't you? the man that says we are all descended from monkeys," went on his way. Huxley had learned French; the reading of Carlyle led him to begin German, and with German thought he began to speculate in religion and philosophy. In his journal for 1842, written before he was seventeen, there is to be found an elaborate scheme for the classification of all knowledge. One object of this scheme was "that I may test the amount of my own requirements. I shall form an extensive list of subjects on this plan, and as I acquire any one of them I shall strike it out of the list." He gives notes of the work he did in successive weeks. "History, German, Mathematics, Physics, Physiology; makes an electromagnet; reads Guizot's 'History of Civilisation in Europe,' on which he remarks 'an excellent work—very tough reading though.'"

A brother-in-law had already begun to give him instruction in medicine, and, in his seventeenth year, he was sent to Rotherhithe to be apprenticed to a surgeon as a preliminary to walking the hospitals. At Charing Cross Hospital he had a distinguished career, and when he graduated at London University won a gold medal for Anatomy and Physiology. His entrance to the naval service and appointment to the "Rattlesnake" rapidly followed. Huxley fully recognised that this was his great opportunity. He was to be the surgeon, not the naturalist of the expedition, but in letters to his older sister (to whom many of the most intimate and interesting of the series were written) he showed that he intended to take full advantage of the chances afforded him. "I can see clearly that certain branches of the natural history work will fall into my hands, if I manage properly, through Sir John Richardson, who has shown himself a very kind friend all throughout; and also through Captain Stanley I have been introduced to several eminent zoologists—to Owen and Gray and Forbes of King's College. From all of these men much is to be learnt which becomes peculiarly my own, and can of course only be used and applied by me. From

Forbes especially I have learnt and shall learn much with respect to dredging operations (which bear on many of the most interesting points of zoology). In consequence of this I may very likely be entrusted with the carrying of them out, and all that is so much the more towards my opportunities. . . . And having once for all enumerated all these meaner prospects of mere personal advancement, I must confess I do glory in the prospect of being able to give myself up to my own favourite pursuits without thereby neglecting the proper duties of life."

All the world knows to what great effect Huxley used the four years he spent on the expedition. His work there laid for him the foundations of enduring fame as a contributor to exact science, and when he returned to England he was accepted at once by the leading zoologists as one of themselves. Owen in particular was very friendly to him in a dignified way, but it is striking to note how Huxley rapidly came to an estimate of him which his later conduct in relation to Darwin bore out only too fully. "The truth is," Huxley wrote to Macleay of Sydney, in 1851, "he is the superior of most, and does not conceal that he knows it, and it must be confessed that he does some very ill-natured tricks now and then. A striking specimen of one is to be found in his article on Lyell in the last 'Quarterly.'" After giving details he goes on:—"Owen is an able man, but to my mind not so great as he thinks himself. He can only work in the concrete from bone to bone—in abstract reasoning he becomes lost." His opinion on other contemporary naturalists is interesting. Edward Forbes was the best of them. "More especially a Zoologist and a Geologist than a Comparative Anatomist, he has more claims to the title of a Philosophic Naturalist than any man I know of in England." "The rest of the naturalists stand far below these two [Owen and Forbes] in learning, originality and grasp of mind. Goodsir of Edinburgh should, I suppose, come next, but he can't write intelligibly. Darwin might be anything if he had good health. Bell is a good man in all senses of the word, but he wants qualities 2 and 3. Newport a laborious man, but he wants qualities 1 and 3. Grant and Rymer Jones—*arcades ambo*—have mistaken their vocation." Later, to his sister, he writes: "Owen has been amazingly civil to me, and it was through his writing to the First Lord that I got my present appointment. He is a queer fish, more odd in appearance than ever—and more bland in manner. He is so frightfully polite that I can never feel thoroughly at home with him."

For some years after his return Huxley had a severe struggle in London. The Admiralty played fast and loose with him over his appointment and over the publication of his scientific papers, and he was an unsuccessful candidate for professorships at Toronto, Sydney, Aberdeen, Cork, and King's College, London. He continued his researches, and supported himself by reviewing, lecturing, and miscellaneous scientific writing, and his letters naturally contain many references to the difficulties in the way of a young scientific man in England. Then came his appointments under the Geological Survey and the School of Mines. Immediate care was lifted from him, and, although never a rich man, for the rest of his life he made up in various ways a substantial income.

One of the last entries in an early Journal was written on New Year's Eve, 1856, while he was waiting anxiously for the birth of his first child. It is so significant of the future course of his life that it must be quoted at length. "1856-7-8 must still be 'Lehrjahre' to complete training in principles of Histology, Morphology, Physiology, Zoology and Geology by *Monographic Work* in each department. 1860 will then see me well grounded and ready for any special pursuits in either of these branches. It is impossible to map out beforehand how this must be done. I must seize opportunities as they come, at the risk of the reputation of desultoriness. In 1860 I may fairly look forward to fifteen or twenty years' 'Meisterjahre,' and with the comprehensive views my training will have given me, I think it will be possible in that time to give a new and healthier direction to all biological science. To smite all humbugs however big; to give a nobler tone to science; to set

an example of abstinence from petty personal controversies, and of toleration for everything but lying; to be indifferent as to whether the work is recognised as mine or not, so long as it is done—are these my aims? 1860 will show." The programme was carried out by a great series of monographs, but before it was actually completed, the volcanic eruption of Darwinism into the world gave Huxley the direction for the work of his "Meisterjahre." Huxley brought to Darwinism in the first place a vast range of exact knowledge in comparative anatomy and zoology. The "Origin of Species" will always remain a stupendous instance of completeness in the mode in which a new theory was presented to the public; but Darwin was a naturalist rather than an anatomist and the greatest immediate triumphs of the theory lay in its application to animal morphology. Darwin was essentially a scientific recluse and had neither the disposition nor the particular talents for the bitter and long-continued battle which was inevitable. These volumes add considerably to our knowledge of the details, but they do not alter materially our conception of the relations between Huxley and Darwin, drawn from Darwin's "Life and Letters." The alliance between the two men was marked by the most profound mutual friendship, confidence and admiration; in temperament and acquirements each was the complement of the other. The application of the theory to anatomy, embryology and palæontology, and its exposition in the first place to scientific men and incidentally to the public, became Huxley's chief occupation. But partly as a deliberate attempt to "carry the war into the enemy's camp," and partly in pursuit of his lifelong ambition to use the mental discipline which he had acquired in exact science in other departments of thought, Huxley turned more and more from exact science to departments of mental activity in which his methods and conclusions were even more disturbing to the general public than his most iconoclastic achievements in science.

This is not the occasion to examine in detail the nature and significance of Huxley's contributions to philosophical and religious speculation, but it is important to notice how these "Letters" bring out in the highest relief the salient feature in his mental character. There are two old, perennial forces in human character, each after its kind capable of giving rise to some of the finest products of human activity; but the two are almost incapable of coincidence in an individual. The one is an innate respect for authority, the other an innate distrust of authority. Huxley belonged to the critical type, insisting on the duty of doubt rather than the duty of belief. There is no need to labour the point; those who are interested will find it written large over his life and work; and there is no need to approve or disapprove the one type or the other, for the dichotomy is an ultimate fact of human nature.

It is needless to say that in this notice only a very small part of the manifold interest of Huxley's "Life and Letters" is touched upon; this is of the less moment as all who are interested in the history of their times or in great personalities will turn to the volumes themselves.

THE COINS OF CILICIA AND LYCAONIA.

"British Museum Catalogue of Greek Coins: The Coins of Lycaonia, Cilicia, and Isauria." By G. F. Hill. London: Longmans and Quaritch. 1900. £1 8s.

IN some ways Cilicia is of all the regions of Asia Minor the one most interesting to the numismatist. Within its borders Hellenic and Oriental influences met and contended in a fashion that had no parallel elsewhere, save in the neighbouring island of Cyprus. Historians often write as if the Greek colonies and the Greek trade of the Levant stopped short at Side and Selge and Perga, and did not penetrate to the east of the great Pamphylian bay. Cilicia is treated as a purely Oriental land, and its commerce is supposed to have been wholly in the hands of the Phœnicians. A glance round the coins of that country is enough to undeceive the observer. He finds that in the early fifth century Greek influences were already strong in the land, and that in the early fourth century, a whole

generation before the conquests of Alexander the Great, Cilician art had become entirely Hellenised, and the Greek language was beginning to supersede Aramaic as the official tongue even in inland places like Tarsus, the wealthy capital of the "Fourth Satrapy." It is not till we have gone through all the issues of the fertile mints of Mallus and Celenderis, Soli and Nagidus, and have watched the Western element gradually evicting the Eastern all through the fifth and fourth centuries, that we begin to realise how the Greek merchant had been preparing the way for the Macedonian conqueror many generations before the Phalanx and the squadrons of the "Companions" crossed the Hellespont. The rapid Hellenisation of wide tracts of Asia Minor after the advent of Alexander has too often been ascribed to immigration following his armies. Looking at the coins we see that to a large extent it must have been the armies which followed the immigration.

In some of the coast-cities of Cilicia there were legends of ancient Greek settlement going back to the same early days as the colonisation of Cyprus. The people of Mallus in later times claimed the seer Amphilocheus as their ægist, and those of Mopsus wished to derive their town-name from the seer's brother. Nagidus tried to trace a connexion with Samos, and Soli with Rhodes. But there is no proof that these traditions go back to any very early date, and we should rather suspect that most of the Cilician ports were Hellenised by the gradual infiltration of Greek merchants during a period which perhaps began as late as the sixth century before Christ. It is notable that Celenderis, the most Hellenic of all these cities in the fourth century, acknowledged that it had a barbarian as its founder—Sandokos the father of the Cypriot hero Cinyras.

Be their origin what it may, the Cilician coast-towns provide us during the whole period of the Persian domination with a series of coins which have a high interest, from their representations of a very curious set of divinities: some are Greek, some purely Oriental, some seem to partake of both characters. But the art and execution are purely Hellenic throughout. We may note at Mallus, along with fine figures of Athene, Hermes, and Aphrodite, some very strange local deities—a winged god who carries a disc in his arms, a harvest god who (oddly enough) is partly identified with the Greek Kronos, and, most peculiar of all, Ormuzd himself flying in his winged circle, just as we see him in the monuments erected by Darius at Behistun and Persepolis. It appears to have been the satrap Tiribazus who made the cities in his province adopt this purely Persian type: it is found at Issus, Soli and Tarsus, as well as at Mallus. The reader will note other peculiarities in the Cilician towns,—such as the crowned Aphrodite seated between two sphinxes at Nagidus, and the double-faced Athene of an uncertain city (Plate XXXIX. No. 14).

But undoubtedly the coinage of Tarsus, the capital of the whole region is the most interesting of all from its strange mixture of Hellenic and Oriental types. Here the satraps of Cilicia began in the end of the fifth century to issue a very beautiful series of didrachms of the "Persic standard," with a most interesting variety of types. The inscriptions were at first always in Aramaic, and in that tongue we find the names of Tiribazus, Pharnabazus, Datames, and Mazæus. But gradually the use of Greek letters crept in, and though the satrap's name is always in Oriental script, we read the town-name ΤΕΡΣΙΚΟΝ in good Hellenic characters as early as the second quarter of the fourth century. But the representations on the coins are even more interesting than the inscriptions. The finest of them is one which we should never have expected to find so far east, a faithful copy of the beautiful full-face head of Arethusa, which Kimon designed at the end of the fifth century for the coinage of Syracuse. This noble Sicilian design had a great success all over the Hellenic world—the Italiot cities copied it, and the Larissæans of Thessaly, but it is strange to find it on the coins of Pharnabazus struck at Tarsus. To his subjects the bust cannot have represented Arethusa, but must have been taken for some local goddess more or less akin in character to Aphrodite. Other notable types are a seated satrap, in tiara and

baggy trousers, testing his arrows and bow, a lion devouring a bull above the walls of a conventionally represented city with eight towers, and a kneeling hoplite crouching beneath his shield. We also find occasionally an unknown deity called Ana, and a kneeling nymph playing with astragali. But the favourite type at Tarsus all through the Persian period was the local god Baaltars, whom the Greek artists chose to represent as a sort of cross between Zeus and Bacchus. He sits draped on his throne, leaning with one hand on a sceptre surmounted by an eagle, but extending in the other a huge bunch of grapes. Sandan, the other peculiar patron of the city, an armed deity who rides on a lion, is only found on coins of a later date than the extinction of the Persian empire.

After Alexander the Great the issues of the Cilician mints become comparatively uninteresting,—as for some centuries the province was a mere part of the Syrian Kingdom. Its civic mints only struck money for the Seleucidæ, of the ordinary regal types—save indeed that during the later years of the dynasty Antiochus VII. and VIII. issued at Tarsus some rather handsome tetradrachms with a representation of the Altar of Sandan as their chief type. Indeed there is little of interest in the later Cilician issues, save that we gather from them some curious information of obscure dynasties which sprang up in the mountains as the Seleucid power grew weak, and lasted far into Roman times. The most notable of these were the priest-kings of Olba, a dynasty that bore

(Continued on page 624.)

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alternately the names of Ajax and Teucer, styled themselves "high-priests and toparchs" and ruled according to their coins over the remote regions of the Cennatis and Lalassis. Another family of the same sort was the house of Tarcondimotus, whose mint was at Hieropolis. The tyrant Antipater of Derbe, the last independent prince north of Taurus, in the Lycaonian region, has not left us any such numismatic evidence of his existence.

This volume is admirably illustrated, as are all British Museum publications: it has no less than forty pages of photographic reproductions of coins. The preface, by Mr. Hill, contains a quantity of interesting topographical information concerning the (often unknown) sites of the Cilician cities.

VARIOUS VERSE.

"A Book of Verses." By Robert Loveman. Philadelphia: Lippincott. 1900. 5s.

"Translations and other Verses." By C. K. Pooler. London: Longmans. 1900. 3s. net.

"Yvonne." By John Cornwaile. London: Burleigh. 1900. 1s. 6d.

"The Choice of Achilles." By A. G. Butler. London: Frowde. 1900. 2s. 6d.

WITHOUT ambition to soar, Mr. Loveman writes verse which is readable in a modest way. Not the least recommendation is his brevity. He never sustains his note, but hops from twig to twig with a cheerful and sympathetic little twitter which has the merit of being his own. In minor poetry it is some distinction not to be in love with death, and of Mr. Loveman this may safely be asserted.

"My calendar and clock shall go,
I want no dates of joy or woe,
The dawn and dusk together blend,
And stars shine out unto the end."

Mr. Pooler gives us not so much verse of serious aim as a number of such prolusions as we might expect from a scholar at play. We prefer the translated lines to those which are entirely his own, though both have the cultivated accent. There are some graceful turns in the versions from Tibullus. Here is one from Martial:

"Alcimus, blighted ere thy bud could bloom,
Here earth's green robe lies soft above thy tomb,
Where springs no miracle of art to be
A frail memorial of my love for thee;
But the box shivers and the vine uprears
Her gloom in meadows dewy with my tears."

Parodies of Browning and Mr. Kipling are rather overdone, but those by Mr. Pooler are as good as most that we have seen. One or two copies of Latin verses are neat, particularly an acrostic in the hendecasyllabic measure. As a whole the small volume bears evidence of a pleasant and rather versatile gift.

In theme, and in metre for the most part, "Yvonne" is imitated from "In Memoriam." The mystery of love is described with appropriate mystery of language:

"It wrecks our words as does the storm
The tiny bark that sails its breast,
And 'tis so gentle when at rest
A swallow's tear may wed its form."

No doubt the poet is thinking of Keats' "angel's tear," for on the same page he wishes

"Had I a pen like Algazel."

Mr. Cornwaile is modern and scientific in spite of his hopeless passion. He has a leaning to the "cosmic" and the "cyclic," to "evolution" and

"the far strange
Magnetic murmurs from the Hence."

The verses by Mr. Butler, if not poetry of a high order, have academic correctness and sincerity of feeling. The latter quality comes out to advantage in the sonnets, some of which both in diction and thought have an echo of Wordsworth:—

"As men who shrink from high and hardy pains
Already take the downward easy curve,
And find, too late, they have what they deserve;

'With love of greatness, love of virtue wanes;
Ill fares the land that reckons loss and gains
Too narrowly. We must not shrink or swerve
Because the height is greater than our nerve."

Many of the poems have something of that charm which a serious and cultivated spirit (however limited its pure poetry goes) never fails to impart, and where the tone is devout, as in a pleasing little poem entitled "The Parson's Pleasure Ground," the expression does not lag behind so far as we usually expect in verse of this character. The blank verse has the fatal fault of monotony, though mere lapses of style are avoided.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

Tchelovek. By Th. Bentzon. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 1900. 3f. 50c.

This novel is chiefly remarkable for a brilliant character sketch of Marcelle de Garays, and an equally striking portrait of Jean Salvy, poet and critic. Marcelle, the daughter of a shallow woman of the world, has none of the affectation that belongs to her empty-headed companions; her aim in life differs from theirs inasmuch as she is not in feverish quest of a husband, not desirous of concluding a splendid "match." And so her mother despairs; so her friends jeer—while Marcelle, in her retirement, produces "Brusque Réveil," which she publishes under the name of "Tchelovek." The work, at once remarkable and successful, is reviewed by Salvy; and he admires it, and, when "Tchelovek" reveals her identity, he meets her, and falls in love with her. After a while Marcelle becomes Madame Salvy; and, from this moment onward, M. Bentzon's book develops into a masterpiece. With infinite skill the author discloses the pure and noble philosophy of Marcelle; the vanity and egotism of Salvy: "Tchelovek" is buried—for Salvy does not wish his wife to become a competitor; and so Marcelle lays aside her pen, admires her husband, devotes herself to him. Time passes happily enough; but the conversations that take place between husband and wife—recorded with infinite subtlety—prepare the reader for a climax. Slowly but surely Marcelle and her husband drift apart; and, as the breach widens, "Tchelovek" is allowed to write again. She succeeds; while her husband's poems fail. Possessed now by jealousy, Salvy becomes unbearable; nor is it long before he deceives her so heartlessly that she pleads for, and gains, a divorce. Whereas Salvy becomes famous in an artificial sphere for sensual poetry, "Tchelovek" is recognised as a power. And, while Salvy haunts salons, indulges in flippancies and follies, "Tchelovek"—in the South of France—lives quietly, produces many a fine work. Here, unfortunately, it is impossible to do justice to the rare art displayed by M. Bentzon in his latest book; only an exhaustive review could give an idea of the strength of its workmanship. It is, in fact, a novel to be read, and one that entirely eclipses its predecessors—even those that have been crowned by the French Academy.

Premier Voyage: Premier Mensonge. By Alphonse Daudet. Paris: Flammarion. 3f. 50c.

In this posthumous work of Daudet's, the slightness of the theme is made up for by the beauty of the style. There is no plot, and very little story—we have Alphonse and his cousin, Léonce, returning to school by boat up the Rhône ("Premier Voyage"); on the way they give out that they are officers in the navy—"Premier Mensonge." And they are in terror of being found out; and, in order to create an impression, talk wildly of naval experiences. Occasionally, they get into school-boy troubles on land; and once Alphonse has a love affair. But the bulk of the book consists of a description of scenery, and a record of early impressions. Some charming illustrations accompany the text, while the paper and type are both admirable.

Les Dimanches d'un Bourgeois de Paris. By Guy de Maupassant. Paris: Ollendorff. 1900. 3f. 50c.

In M. Patissot we are introduced to a hopeless, helpless bourgeois who, after toiling for thirty years in a bureau, is ordered suddenly by his doctor to take regular exercise. The advice horrifies and also frightens M. Patissot; but he loves himself, and, in order to cure himself, makes long excursions into the country or through the town every Sunday. Of course, adventures and misfortunes befall him. The experience is a new one; and so poor M. Patissot—a vain and singularly foolish old gentleman—suffers wherever he goes. It would be unfair to find fault with this little book on the score of its extreme lightness and flippancy—for Guy de Maupassant wrote it, it appears, in an idle moment and with no other intention than that of showing how extremely ignorant, selfish, and altogether unbearable a typical bourgeois can be. Here and there, we get evidence of the author's bitterness, and often, of his humour. M. Patissot at St. Cloud, at a meeting held by advanced and furious women, and at a public dinner are perhaps the best chapters in the book, but every single sketch is admirably written.

Mémoires Anecdotiques du Général Marquis de Bonneval. (1786-1873). Paris: Plon. 1900. 7f. 50c.

As an account of the doings and deliberations of the most distinguished personages under Napoleon I., Louis Philippe, and Napoleon III., these memoirs stand alone. It was the Marquis de Bonneval's privilege to be held in high esteem by the first Napoleon; and so he was fortunate enough to obtain the most intimate glimpses and observe the most secret scandals of Court-life. The book, in fact, abounds with entertaining anecdotes, and contains, moreover, no small amount of genuine wit.

Revue des Deux Mondes. 15 Novembre. 3f.

This number contains a great deal of solid matter. M. Bellaigue deals with the history of the Piano Sonata, and there are two scientific articles of interest. Le Comte d'Urrel gives a very encouraging account of the Belgian Congo State, which we hope is not overcoloured by patriotism, for it conflicts somewhat with the judgment of other travellers. The article likely to be the most widely read in this country is M. Leroy-Beaulieu's on the problem of China. It shows all the luminous common sense and knowledge of his subject which we expect from the eminent economist. If he does not throw much new light on the subject, he at all events concentrates what we possessed on the dark places. He protests against partition, but demands adequate punishment for the guilty, which is now the general attitude of the Powers. M. Beaulieu looks to the initiation of Germany as likely to produce the desired effect.

Revue de Paris. 1 Novembre. 2f. 50c.

In undertaking to write Thackeray's biography (however briefly), we think that Madame Mary James Darmesteter has set herself a far too formidable task. From the first instalment of it, it appears bald and no more interesting than the paragraphs devoted to celebrities in society papers. To anyone who has read a faithful and complete biography of Thackeray, the scraps vouchsafed by Madame Darmesteter will be old, insufficient, and not particularly characteristic of the man himself. Still, the author may intend to be critical and reflective later on; and, as her critical powers up to now have been infinitely preferable to her biographical abilities, we should welcome such a departure.

Revue des Revues. 1 Novembre. 1f. 30c.

"*Avant la Gloire*" (by M. Henri d'Almeras) is an exceedingly interesting account of the early struggles of a number of French celebrities. At no time does the author pander to the popular craving for intimate details by recording the favourite foods and drinks of famous men; his paper is an admirably written résumé of the youth of such popular personalities as Jules Claretie and Ludovic Halévy, and introduces, at the same time, many other well-known and justly appreciated names. M. Eugène Gilbert's second article on Belgian literature is well worth reading.

We have also to acknowledge: "*L'Échelle de Jacob: Vision*" (Paris: Lemerre); "*Théâtre de Meilhac et Halévy*," III. (Paris: Calmann Lévy); "*Garat: 1762-1823*" (Paris: Calmann Lévy); "*Le Mariage de Louis XV.*" (Paris: Plon).

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WE should hardly exaggerate if we said that during
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England about the South African Republic than in the
last six centuries about the Roman Empire. Perhaps
a respite might come were it not for the daily papers,
which one can hardly open without discovering abysses
of ignorance and misconception. Therefore, like a
degenerate Curtius, the modern "publicist" (as he
loves to be called) hurls into the gulf a ponderous
volume. Books full of facts appear every week,
and yet we still find correspondents like Mr. Hales
betraying with assurance the most egregious ignorance
on such commonplaces of South African history as the
position of Basutoland. So long as journalists prattle,
"experts" will continue to lecture. We should, how-
ever, hardly describe these five writers as alike experts.
Mr. Thomas, a Swiss burgher of the South African
Republic, may be dismissed at once. He is convinced
that England has been in the right, but we should
accept his conviction with more gratitude did he not
blunder hopelessly as to facts, dates and names, and
found his theories upon the assurance that certain un-
named and insignificant persons in Holland had brought
about the catastrophe of which the Boers are the
innocent victims. The theory would certainly wound
the amour propre of Mr. Kruger. Mr. Bell's book
stands upon a higher level, but he has spoiled it by
trying to prove too much. We all know that a dis-
loyal agitation has for years been worked in Cape
Colony, and most of us know enough to be convinced
that Mr. Te Water and Mr. Sauer are not proper
persons to be again Ministers of the Queen. But Mr.
Bell, carefully collating the evidence as to the designs
of Messrs. Kruger and Reitz, and the ideals of fanatic
Dopper Ministers, endeavours to establish the
position that a huge organised conspiracy existed
throughout South Africa. His facts are more
valuable than his inferences. We believe the truth to
be that many Cape Dutch wished success to the Trans-
vaal in its attempt to destroy British hegemony, but
were by no means anxious to be incorporated in the
territories of a victorious and corrupt Republic. They
may have looked to a union, years hence, in which
British authority should be reduced to a shadow. But
our record is not so good in South Africa that we can
afford to class such men with the rebels, though we
understand that to loyal colonists like Mr. Bell their
attitude must have been peculiarly offensive. His book
does not take sufficient account of the many Dutchmen
who have fought on our side, and it is too like an
unsuccessful indictment of a nation. Writers of to-day
attempt cheerfully the task which Burke pronounced
impossible. A sounder judgment will be found in
Dr. Hillier's very miscellaneous collection of reprinted
lectures and articles, which is too slight to call for
prolonged criticism, yet too well informed to be
neglected. Dr. Hillier, as readers of his previous book
know, was connected with the Reform movement. An
Uitlander with a very different record is Dr. Farrelly,
an Irish barrister who was for some time legal
adviser to the South African Republic, but is now
a vociferous Imperialist. The two positions are
not incompatible, and many loyal subjects of the Queen
accepted posts in the two Republics which the war

made untenable. He knows Pretoria from within, and seems to have discussed high politics with almost every man of note in South Africa, but his manner is too reminiscent of that ascribed to Goethe by Matthew Arnold, "To lay his finger on the spot and say 'Thou ailest here and here.'" The title of the book is a little misleading, for it is in the main a study, full and careful, of the events and circumstances that led to the war, and the author's own hasty scheme of reconstruction on the model of the Indian Empire is so entire an idol of the Cave, which the men of the Marketplace would reject, as to make us doubtful whether Dr. Farrelly could, as he seems to suggest, have steered South Africa through the storm had he been given the helm six years ago. As a record of the decline and fall of the Transvaal, the book will have a permanent value. We are more doubtful of the worth of Mr. Colquhoun's book. Most men would be content with solving the problem of China and saying the last word upon the advance of Russia on the Hindu Kush, but Mr. Colquhoun, an indefatigable patriot, can find time to instruct us upon South Africa. His own service as Administrator in Mashonaland must have shown him many of the difficulties of government in these colonies, and some of his remarks are shrewd, though some of his facts are shaky. In fact the historical summary is the weak spot in the book. Mr. Colquhoun acknowledges his obligations to "the works of Theal, Noble, Lucas, Gresswell, and Bryce," but we note with interest some very curious coincidences between his chapter on the recent history of the Transvaal and a little book called "The Transvaal Boers" by "Africanus," to which he does not allude. There are nearly six pages of these coincidences, from which we select a few sentences.

"Renaissance of South Africa."
Page 167.

"The Boer claim to a monopoly of a large and valuable tract of South Africa was untenable—a handful of ill-educated peasantry, pastoral and averse to contact with the outer world, suddenly feeling the shock arising from the impact of an intelligent, enterprising, and aggressive wedge of Uitlanders. When the Transvaal was made over by the Convention of 1881 that country was sparsely populated, and the small number of Dutch farmers then in the country cannot be considered to be owners of the soil, for instance as the Japanese possess Japan or the British Britain."

Page 160.

"In 1895, under the terms of a new convention, the administration of Swaziland was transferred to the Transvaal, with the provision, however, that it was not to be incorporated with the Republic and that European residents in the country were to have full burgher rights. Monopolies were forbidden, the Dutch and English languages were to be on an equal footing, and the duties to be imposed were not to be higher than those imposed either in the Transvaal or by the Customs Union. The Uitlanders in Swaziland were therefore to be in a better position than those of the Transvaal."

Page 165.

"The general attitude of the Colonial Office seemed to give colour to the fears for their independence felt by the Boers, and certain steps which had been proposed before the Raid, namely, the creation of forts round Pretoria, the expenditure of large

"The Transvaal Boers."
Page 147.

"At the same time it must be remembered that the Boers cannot justifiably claim a monopoly in the possession of a large tract of South Africa, and that they have shown themselves unworthy possessors of a political supremacy. . . . The Transvaal was handed over by the Convention of 1881 to its European inhabitants, and was not given in perpetuity to the Boers. In 1881 it was very sparsely populated, and the handful of Dutch farmers who had established themselves in the country only forty years back should not be considered (as they undoubtedly are by their sympathisers) to be owners of the territory in the sense in which the French nation possesses France or the Dutch nation possesses Holland."

Page 118.

"In 1895 a new convention came into force. The administration of Swaziland was transferred to the South African Republic, with important reservations. It was not to be incorporated with the Republic, but European residents in the territory were to have full burgher rights. The Dutch and English languages were to be on a footing of absolute equality; there were to be no monopolies; and no duties were to be imposed higher than the maximum tariff rates imposed either by the South African Republic or by the Customs Union. It will thus be seen that Uitlanders in Swaziland are in a far better position than Uitlanders in the Transvaal proper."

Page 139.

"Unhappily the attitude of the Colonial Office lent a certain plausibility to the Boers' professed fears for their independence. Johannesburg was therefore surrounded with a girdle of forts, after the Uitlanders had been disarmed, and enormous sums were

sums on armaments and the employment of foreign officers, were rapidly carried into effect. Reactionary legislation followed, a stringent *pass* [sic] law and an Aliens Expulsion Act were passed and not modified until representations had been made by the British Government. The right of free speech was curtailed, and an abortive pass law was set afoot, which would have compelled Uitlanders to carry a distinctive badge."

spent by the Transvaal on armaments which could only be employed against Uitlanders or British. Reactionary legislation followed: a stringent *Pass* [sic] Law and an Aliens' Expulsion Act (which gave the Executive power to expel any innocent alien at their pleasure) were added to the statute book, and only modified after very strong representations from Downing Street. The right of free speech among Uitlanders was vigorously repressed, and an attempt was made, in the abortive 'Pass Law,' to compel them to carry a distinctive badge."

An odd fact with regard to this third passage is that the statement that "a stringent pass law . . . was passed" is not true. It is clear that in the parallel sentence in "The Transvaal Boers," "Pass Law" must be a misprint for "Press Law," and on looking up the matter we find that in the first edition of that book "Press Law" stood in this place, and again lower down. Clearly in the second edition the printers took the necessary correction of the second "Press Law" to "Pass Law" to apply to the first as well. But how does "pass law" come into Mr. Colquhoun's pages? We would not make too much of coincidences. South Africa sometimes seems to affect writers' moral standard. Mr. Basil Worsfold for one has been a victim of the plagiarist. But we should like to ask Mr. Colquhoun whether it was really worth while to sketch the history of the Transvaal if he could not summarise it in more original language, or avoid falling into an error (that about badges) made by an anonymous predecessor?

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There have been several great musicians; and many musicians only a little less than great; most of them have been men of interesting character, most of them have lived their lives on lines clean away from the commonplace; all of them have affected their own or subsequent times strongly; not one has gone uninfluenced by the time in which he dwelt. Whether as personalities or as factors concerned in the making of history, they have surely been worth a little study—their relations to their times, and the relations of their times to them. As yet very little has been done. There are the "monumental" works of Spitta on Bach and Jahn on Mozart; there are Dr. Chrysander's incomplete Handel, and Nieck's Chopin, and Finck's Wagner; and, besides these, there is scarce anything but a host of unsatisfactory sketches that reveal nothing, determine nothing. Of the biographers named Jahn and Spitta alone make any attempt to show what influences, outside mere musical, technical influences, played upon their subjects and altered their subjects' destinies and achievements. Still less has been attempted in the way of showing how the composers modified the course of the thoughts and emotions of men and women engaged in other arts than the art of music. Let us consider for a moment the case of Wagner. No one, to our knowledge, has essayed to show why, down to his last work, "Parsifal," his music contained so much of Weber. He certainly thought far more highly of Beethoven: he studied him with greater care and wrote of him with greater fulness and enthusiasm. It was Beethoven's ninth symphony, not Weber's "Freischütz," that he gave at Bayreuth. Yet for one trace of Beethoven in his music, for one phrase "lifted" from Beethoven or shaped by the Beethoven spirit, there are dozens directly reminiscent of Weber. The fact is not accounted for by a glib tale of Wagner's childish admiration for Weber. Indeed, if these stories of the youth of great men can be believed at all, it was not the hearing of a Weber opera which first prompted him to essay composition, but a representation of Goethe's "Egmont" with Beethoven's music. Some day, perhaps, a biographer will take the trouble to

demonstrate that Wagner, the biggest product of the big Romantic movement, was bound to begin with, and through life largely to adhere to, the Weber idiom. His inspiration was not in the smallest degree derived from Weber: it came to him through literary channels. But Weber was the only musician who "had been there" before him; Weber represented in music the forces that touched Wagner through literature, drama, even politics, and perhaps through painting—not that there was much painting in Germany; and when Wagner wanted to utter in music all that was seething in his brain, after trying to express himself in drama alone, he simply obeyed the universal law of art and artists in appropriating the language of his nearest—in this case his only—predecessor. Weber alone amongst the musicians was an out-and-out German romanticist; an out-and-out romanticist Wagner began, and remained till the last minute of his life; and it would have been more than strange, it would have been wildly incredible, had he not at once made Weber's inventions of melodic outline and of musical colour his own and used them all his days. Beethoven was infinitely deeper, broader, grander, than Weber; but Wagner had nothing to add to Beethoven's "message." He had a very great deal to add to Weber's message, for Weber died leaving most of the suggestions of German romanticism unexploited in music; and the result was inevitable. This may seem rather a long digression; but it is a concrete illustration of our point with regard to musical biography; and we will continue it a little further. If one of the most surprising characteristics of Wagner's music has not so far been explained, we need not wonder that the influence of that music upon all modern artists—poets, dramatists, painters, sculptors—has never been adequately dealt with. Wagner has enormously shaped and coloured all our present-day thinking. When in the course of time it becomes easy to see him in perspective, will his biographers note the fact? According to the scientists' laws of chance they will not. There is not in existence the biography of any musician which does not end with his death—as if the work of every great man in art did not end, but always, properly speaking, begin, with his death! We feel justified in asserting that there has never yet been written a satisfactory account of the life, work and influence of a great musician. It still remains (to give a few instances) to be shown how Purcell exercised a fine and wholesome influence on Handel; how Handel's influence killed English music and musicians for more than a century; how Bach, misunderstood and misapplied by Mendelssohn, also helped to choke English music. A score of other examples might be given, but these will serve. We are not without hope. Men of wide culture are now beginning to write about music; and if only, as our own musical critic so pathetically has said not once but often, yet not too often, musicians would read even one book, something might yet be achieved.

The biography, then, of a great musician should trace all the forces proceeding from out the days before him, or from his immediate environment, that made him precisely what he became. It should show what he himself brought fresh into the world. What there is wholly and solely of himself in his music should be made perfectly clear. No one could reasonably object if his character were illustrated by a sufficient quantity of the usual anecdote and gossip; for, after all, to know what a man liked for breakfast and the time he preferred to go to bed may help us to understand the man's heart and mind a little better. The book should conclude with a study of the influence he exercised on his contemporaries and successors. If this be our ideal of an adequate biography, can Mr. James Huneker's "Life of Chopin" be considered adequate? Taking into account its length—400 pages of only moderate size—we think it can. It is certainly the most readable study of Chopin yet published. Mr. Huneker has rare qualifications for the task he set himself. To begin with he is an expert and enthusiastic pianist; and Chopin is of course above all the pianist's musician. He has temperament, and genuine sympathy with the Slav nature. Knowing the Slav nature more intimately than most men, having a thorough acquaintance with all the forms in which it has expressed itself in music,

he has a copious flow of picturesque, pointed phrases to reveal in language all the things he has perceived. Whether Mr. Huneker would succeed as well with a musician who owed less to his own idiosyncrasies and more to outside influences—Handel, for example—we cannot say. He has certainly done excellently with Chopin. The date of his birth settled, and, we hope, the question dead and decently buried for ever, the early years, the middle years, and the pathetic last years of his life are sketched rapidly, but vividly, and with sufficient accuracy. "The Man" and "The Poet and Psychologist" are eloquently discussed; and after that comes by far the most valuable portion of the book to students, a part which at the same time will not weary non-technical readers—the music. The music of Chopin, much as it is played by young ladies at boarding-schools and by pianists who make the erotic appeal to foolish women, is hardly at all understood. Its greatest features are overlooked; the new things that Chopin brought into music are disregarded; and its weak sides are alone glorified and exploited. It is a thing to be thankful for that many of the nocturnes are extremely difficult to play, else we should be plagued with them all, even as we were plagued until a few years ago, when Mendelssohn "went out," by the Songs without Words. Chopin wrote a great deal of feeble, anæmic, erotic, unhealthy music, it is true; but he wrote also a lot of magnificent, virile, freshly invented stuff; and it was high time that that was also studied and taken into account. Mr. Huneker dismisses quickly enough the music that is so popular because it is easy to play and its emotions so easy to understand; and he spreads himself upon the things of genuine importance. We have not space to follow him through his luxurious jungle of interpretations, explanations and suggestions; but we cordially invite our readers, especially our piano-playing readers, to do so.

THE ABODE OF SNOW

"In the Ice World of Himalaya." By Fanny Bullock Workman and William Hunter Workman. London: Unwin. 1900. 16s.

MR. and Mrs. Workman have had a number of exceptional experiences in the highlands of Kashmir; conquering and naming, somewhat infelicitously, several virgin peaks; undergoing cheerfully all manner of hardships; and overcoming obstacles with admirable pluck. The lady in particular is to be congratulated upon the courageous endurance, which alone enabled her to place to her credit "three successive world mountaineering records" of her sex, viz. 18,600, 19,450 and 21,000 feet. As a recital of adventure, therefore, as also on account of the graphic descriptions of untrodden paths and the illustrations which accompany them, this volume is sure to be popular. A somewhat lighter touch would have made it very popular indeed. "I am not a light weight and am a slow climber," says Mrs. Workman; "so long as my movements are slow and measured," her husband informs us, "I do not lose breath and manage to get along comfortably." No doubt the characteristic qualities thus indicated served to ensure many of the writers' triumphs, but they will tax the patience of some readers. So too will the reticence and the garrulity, which often appear inopportunist. For instance, they witnessed a miracle play at the Buddhist monastery of Himis, and we should have welcomed a minute description, but they content themselves with informing us that "some of the interesting and fantastic ceremonies bore a close resemblance to rites of the Roman Catholic Church." On the other hand, page after page in almost every chapter is devoted to tedious lamentations over the shortcomings of the coolies they employed, and it does not seem to have occurred to them that any blame attached to themselves for these shortcomings. But the observant reader will find an explanation in the alternate weakness and undue strictness of the leaders. At one dangerous passage we find Mr. Workman pelting his servants with stones to urge them on; at other times he submits helplessly to the most preposterous demands and exactions: the coolies, we are

informed with sweet simplicity, "acted throughout as if they were on a junketing excursion." "What a contrast," it is ingenuously exclaimed, "did the conduct of these well-clothed, full-fed coolies in 1898 offer to that of those, who, in 1848, half-naked followed Sir Joseph Hooker over snow and ice in his venturesome explorations! Why the difference?" Yet the answer is a very simple one: Sir Joseph Hooker knew how to manage his servants, Mr. Workman did not. He could not even speak Hindustani. And he seems to have been very unreasonable in his conception of the duty of a political officer, who in India has something else to do besides playing taskmaster to a globe-trotter's domestics.

The wit and style of the writers are, as might be expected, ponderous. "Our pedal extremities did not suffer from dryness" is their method of conveying the fact that their feet got wet. The loss of the lady's topi is related at prodigious length and the topee itself is mentioned as "the visiting-card the wind forced her to leave in a deep crevasse on Koser Gunge." They were troubled with flies, whose "well-meant attentions met with rather an inhuman reception and the list of the slain was large. No prisoners were taken." But perhaps the worst feature of the whole book is the impertinent glossary, which figures at the end. We have often had occasion to remonstrate with authors who persist in dragging in foreign words where English ones would have conveyed the same meaning. But we have never yet met with authors who, not content with the commission of such a solecism, gravely tabulate in a glossary the words they should have used. This is sinning with widely open eyes indeed. Thus we read: "Shardu is a not unhappy dot of barbarian civilisation nestling at the foot of a grand *entourage* of bold soaring peaks." We turn to the glossary and find "*Entourage*, setting." How much better and simpler to have written "a grand setting" in the first instance. This glossary is indeed the one humorous part of the book, not hesitating to inform us that *bazaar* means market; *euch*, to you; *Friede*, peace; *Sonne*, sun; and *shikari*, hunter. Nor are the simple words always correctly rendered. *Cirque* is not a circle and *goulasch* (which should be written *gulyás*) is an Hungarian, not an Austrian stew.

Still even expert mountaineers will find something to learn from this book; others who are ambitious to follow in their footsteps will profit as well from their failures as from their successes; and the desultory reader will derive some solid instruction from a narrative of exploration in a little-known, nor easily accessible region.

SIX NOVELS.

"The Fourth Generation." By Sir Walter Besant. London: Chatto & Windus. 1900. 6s.

Sir Walter Besant has been ill-advised to enter the lists with Messrs. Guy Boothby, Fergus Hume, and others of that ilk: as a murder-mystery-maker he is quite outclassed. Not only would the climax be apparent, from the start, to the merest tiro in sensational fiction, but the whole machinery of the melodrama is so badly staged that the gaping flats are always in evidence, and the pleasures of conjecture are never stimulated. One is prepared to admit that the Criminal Investigation Department has improved on its methods of seventy years ago, but that an incriminatory letter should have been allowed to lie unread on the drawing-room table for seven decades is a severe strain on the average credulity. Nor can one honestly accept the recluse, who has never opened his lips to a fellow creature for the allotted space of human life, as a permissible figure outside a home for lunatics. It would be idle to discuss the plot in a serious vein: as in most of the author's works, coincidence plays a predominant part. Of course, the young lady in the flat adjacent to the heir of this eccentric old gentleman proves to be the only surviving descendant of the murdered man, and this marriage not only exercises the blood-curse, but unites the vast fortune which has been accumulated during the protracted stage of imbecility. One seems to have read this kind of thing often before in cheaper kinds of literature. The pity is

that Sir Walter should have found such a sorry peg necessary for the display of his thesis, for it is one of those works of fiction which suffer from the encumbrance of a purpose. Briefly, the motive is the illuminating discovery that the sufferings of the children on account of ancestral sins, even unto the fourth generation, must be interpreted not as vicarious punishment but as the consequence of the past misdeeds. It may be questioned whether such an interpretation has not been arrived at by most thinking people, or even whether at the present date any other rational construction can be placed upon the divine utterance. However, the idea is not sufficiently original to justify an indifferent novel. Occasionally the pages are enlightened by the lighter touches which serve the author as comic relief. The two brothers—the unblushing promoter and the universal provider of after-dinner speeches—are both happy efforts, although even here the instance of a man attaining a high level reputation, who has never had a client or an office, does not ring quite true.

"The Woman of Death." By Guy Boothby. London: Pearson. 1900. 5s.

"Long Live the King." By Guy Boothby. London: Ward, Lock. 1900. 5s.

Balzac, reproached with puzzling his readers, is said to have made a remark to the effect that they would think him a clever man if they could not understand him. There is a great deal in the two novels before us that no one will attempt to understand if he values his time, but we fear that fact will scarcely add to Mr. Boothby's reputation. With all his faults Mr. Boothby can often stimulate the appetite for adventure. In "The Woman of Death," however, he contrives to be absurd in his effort to be sensational; in "Long Live the King" he is simply a weariness. Essaying the romantic vein he describes two lovers, and we read that "they sat by the lily pond together." He makes no effort to draw a complex character; a baffling woman to him is one "who has an indescribable something about her." Here is an example of his economy in phrase-making. In one book we are told that "far away the sound of a belated cuckoo could be heard wishing the world a monotonous good-night;" in the other that "a belated cuckoo was wishing the world good-night in the far distance." In "The Woman of Death" the author's memory is defective as to whether it was the long man or the short man who was killed in one of a series of masked duels; in "Long Live the King" there is a kindred confusion of names. Will Mr. Boothby never try to treat with respect those who are supposed to buy up his books "like hot cakes"? If he cannot quote correctly, why does he quote at all? He refers to "the old Latin proverb, *Facile decensus avari*" and to "the *Lieder ohne Wort*." He is no happier where proper names are concerned. For example he writes of "Maetterlink" and "du Chalet." Even accuracy concerning well-worn terms is scorned, as in "Admiral Crichton." An hour's railway journey might be relieved of some at least of its tedium by the reading of "The Woman of Death," for this book makes no great pretence to be what it is not. The companion volume will be the despair of Mr. Boothby's most fervent admirers.

"Peccavi." By E. W. Hornung. London: Grant Richards. 1900. 6s.

The opening pages of "Peccavi" may well deter those who prefer originals to adaptations, for the theme of Mr. Hornung's novel appears at once to be that handled finally by Nathaniel Hawthorne in the "Scarlet Letter," and presented again to a forgetful or illiterate generation in "The Silence of Dean Maitland." But in "Peccavi" the story begins with the exposure of a clergyman's fault, and is concerned entirely with his expiation. Mr. Hornung has very nearly made a success of an essay rarely attempted, a monograph in fiction, for nobody except his hero Robert Carlton possesses any interest for reader or writer. Unfortunately it is inconceivable that the strange idealist of the book could have fallen into a vulgar intrigue. Such strange lapses may happen in life, but the art that records them without explanation is unconvincing.

The atmosphere of dull malignancy that enshrouds Carlton's parish is unreal, and the introduction of a sentimental interest at the end of the book merely breaks its continuity. But it must be allowed that this record of the repentance and half-insane atonement of an extraordinary man is interesting throughout, and that the interest is sustained by no stage-tricks.

"The Autobiography of a Quack, and The Case of George Dedlon." By Dr. S. Weir Mitchell. Unwin. 1900. 3s. 6d.

No less incisive and original than Dr. Weir Mitchell's previous works, "The Autobiography of a Quack" will nevertheless fail to interest the reader. It is filled up with highly-coloured details, and close analysis, of mental and physical disease. Moreover, the "quack," *par excellence*,—who being, as he knows well, on his deathbed and having no reputation to leave behind him to be sullied, wants to amuse himself during his time of awaiting death,—is a man utterly devoid of the moral sense: right and wrong have no meaning for him, and his life has been spent in getting money out of his fellow-creatures, never by fair, but always by foul means. There is a second tale in this volume, "The Case of George Dedlon," which is a marvellously descriptive narrative of an American soldier, who, during the war between North and South, lost both arms and both legs, and although finally nursed and cared for most kindly, seems to himself to be but "a fraction of a man," and to live only for the day when he shall "rejoin the lost members of his corporeal family in another and a happier world"! The lucidity and apparent actuality of the experiences related in this volume will chiefly attract the student of human nature.

"The Dissemblers." By Thomas Cobb. London: Lane. 1900. 6s.

This is as dainty a comedy of errors as has appeared for many a month. The plot is as meagre as such a web of trifles should be, the portraiture is delicate and truthful, and there is a steady flow of deft and sprightly wit, with several unimpeachably skilful situations. Mr. Cobb's light handling alike of the blunders of the weak and of the embarrassments of the strong strikes a vein of humour which should please theatre-goers as much as novel-readers.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"Rectorial Addresses delivered before the University of Edinburgh 1859-1899." Edited with an introduction by Archibald Stodart-Walker. London: Grant Richards. 1900. 7s. 6d. net.

The institution or office of Lord Rector is perhaps the best-known feature of Scottish university life to Englishmen. That may be because not infrequently distinguished Englishmen have been chosen by the students, but more no doubt because the rectorial contests have some importance as an indication of political opinion amongst the younger generation, who in a short time will be effective political voters in actual politics. Prior to 1883 the elections in Edinburgh were generally of Liberal statesmen: since then as the editor remarks "the tide has flowed steadily in a Conservative direction." But party politics disappears with the election and one great charm of the rectorial addresses collected in this volume, comprising all those delivered since Mr. Gladstone was elected in 1859, is that they exhibit the eminent men who delivered them, ranging over wider intellectual fields than those in which they attained their special distinction. They are in the nature of a display of their literary and philosophical and general culture, and not of their several professional aptitudes. One sees at a glance that each speaker has been stimulated to give of his best thoughts and has reckoned the occasion of sufficient importance to devote to it his whole stock of mental energy. The addresses are not of topical or ephemeral interest, but solid and lasting contributions to subjects that "abide our questionings" through the ages; and their collection is a service rendered to high-class literature. We share the regret of the editor however that amongst the rectorial addresses there is none by any great representative of literature, with the exception of Carlyle, or of any department of pure scholarship, philosophy, science, or art. Politics, as we have said, is responsible for this, but our regret is tempered by the consideration that we see in the addresses the effects of all these varieties of culture on men, of whose deeper thought we should know little if we had no means of judging them but by their exhibitions of party gymnastics. The rectorial addresses in the volume are those of Mr. Gladstone, Carlyle, Lord Moncreiff,

Sir William Stirling-Maxwell, the Earl of Derby, the Duke of Devonshire, the Earl of Rosebery, the Earl of Idlesleigh, Mr. Goschen, Lord Robertson, and Lord Balfour of Burleigh.

"The Minor Writings of Charles Dickens." The Book-lover's Library. By Frederic G. Kitton. London: Elliot Stock. 1900.

With this volume and a previous one on "The Novels of Charles Dickens" published in 1897 "the bibliographical history of the various writings of the novelist, dating from the time when his first printed paper appeared in the 'Monthly Magazine' December 1833" until June 1870 is completed. In this book Mr. Kitton gives the history of all Dickens' productions other than the novels; their date of publication; the periodicals in which they appeared; the circumstances which gave rise to them and in which they were written; the public interest they excited, and the biographical details which explain and illustrate them. In this latter respect indeed if it is not a biography it is at least a most valuable supplement to a biography. Though Dickens' novels are so well known many readers will be surprised to find what a mass of other work was produced by his prolific pen. The "Sketches by Boz" and the Christmas books are indeed as popular as the novels; but much of the other writings is now almost unknown. Mr. Kitton supplies a complete guide to it under the heads of "Articles and Short Stories in English and American Journals," "Independent Publications with which Dickens was associated as Editor or Contributor," and "Plays." Dickens as playwright is less known than in any other department of his literary activity, and Mr. Kitton gives an account of his independent work and of his collaboration with his disciple Wilkie Collins. It is worth mention that in "The Village Coquettes" Dickens and Hullah wrote a "comic opera" which in its original title of "The Gondolier" came near forestalling that of the later well-known Savoy opera. Very interesting, too, to many will be the pages relating the story of the concealed authorship of the "Legends and Lyrics" and the surprising disclosure to Dickens as editor of "Household Words" that his unknown contributor "Mary Berwick" was Adelaide Anne Procter. A very amusing portion of the book tells of the plagiarisations of Dickens and the unauthorised continuations of "The Mystery of Edwin Drood."

"Augusta, Empress of Germany." By Clara Tschudi. Translated from the Norwegian by E. M. Cope. London: Swan Sonnenschein. 7s. 6d.

The knowledge of most English readers of the character and life of the Empress Augusta, the mother of Frederick III. and mother-in-law of our Princess Royal, is confined to that one period of her career when the Emperor William I. was sending to her those telegrams from the stricken fields in France which announced in such pathetic and subsequently much-parodied phraseology those successive victories, that had for one result the placing on her head of the Imperial Crown of Germany. Yet there is much in it that was extremely curious and worth knowing both on account of her personal character and the events with which during so many years of her life she was associated. As a study in the domestic life of a queen it is especially attractive to a reader who loves to moralise on the misfortunes, and faults, and virtues, of human nature, with a crown and throne as the *mise-en-scène*. There was never more truth in the saying "uneasy lies the head that wears a crown" than in her case. A woman of proud and reserved nature, apparently unsympathetic as the consequence of a temperament that hid her better qualities from the eyes both of her husband and her subjects, she endured not only the martyrdom of personal affliction for years, but the martyrdom of her affections. Her married life was spent in the coldest of relationships, hardly that of friendship, with her husband, and their marriage furnishes a striking instance of the uncongeniality which may exist in marriages that pass with the world as conventionally happy. We read with pleasure how by degrees she made herself better understood, and how in the later years of her life she was admired and loved for her great abilities, for her services to her country, and for the nobility of her character. All this with the historical events skilfully woven into the personal narrative makes a biography of a quite unusually interesting and uncommon type.

Australasia: "British Empire Series," IV. London: Kegan Paul. 1900. 6s.

As with the previous volumes in this series, the chapters are reprints of popular lectures by well-known authorities. The book as a whole lacks unity, but with a list of contributors comprising Sir J. A. Cockburn, Mr. W. P. Reeves, Sir William Robinson, Mr. Matthew Macfie, Mr. James Bonwick, Mr. C. S. Dicken, and others, it cannot fail to contain much valuable matter. Sir J. A. Cockburn in the introduction says that Australia presents the unique spectacle of federation resulting not from external pressure or common danger, but from internal force of cohesion. That is hardly the fact. The Australian federation movement began as the result of the scare over New Guinea in 1883, and later it was Sir Bevan Edwards' report on the state of the defences of Australia which moved Sir Henry Parkes to action. Both scares died down without federation being accomplished, but the movement had become a reality which had to be dealt with.

SOME HARDY ANNUALS.

The approach of the Christmas book season is heralded not only by the shoals of books published for boys and girls but by the collection in volume form of popular magazines which come to us regularly as hardy annuals. The "Century" (London: Macmillan. 10s. 6d.) and "St. Nicholas" (Macmillan. 8s. 6d.) perhaps cannot quite be included in the Christmas-book category, inasmuch as these volumes are half-yearly. The latest "Century" collection contains much that is above the average—including Mr. Richard Whiteing's "Parisian Pastimes" and half Mr. John Morley's "Cromwell," both admirably illustrated. "The Leisure Hour," "The Sunday at Home," "The Boy's Own Annual" and "The Girl's Own Annual" come to us from the Religious Tract Society. In their various ways they are what they ever have been, wholesome, informative, light, interesting. In the matter of printing, paper and general get-up they move with the times and are distinctly better than they were a dozen years ago. What "The Sunday at Home" is to "The Leisure Hour," "The Sunday Magazine" seems to be to "Good Words" (London: Isbister). They are distinct, yet the one is always associated in our minds with the other. As "The Sunday at Home" is more pronounced on the religious side than "The Leisure Hour," so is "The Sunday Magazine" as compared with "Good Words." In both "Good Words" and "The Leisure Hour" the general essays are exceptionally attractive and instructive. The "Girls' Realm for 1900" (London: Bousfield) contains the regulation contributions by such writers as the Rev. S. Baring-Gould, Miss L. T. Meade, John Strange Winter, and Miss Everett Green. "Cassell's Saturday Magazine" is an illustrated "Tit-Bits." "The Quiver" has a long list of contributions by leading divines of various denominations. "Chums" (London: Cassell) is the chief rival of the "Boy's Own Paper," but is unlike the "B.O.P." except in vigour and healthiness of tone. The note of "Young England" (Sunday School Union) is struck in some verse by Horace G. Grosor on "The English Boy" in which he asks "Do you count it a little thing to be born with an English name?" The opening coloured plate is excellent. It shows the rally of the 21st Lancers by Sergeant-Major Veysey after the charge at Omdurman. For the little ones there is "Sunday, 1901" (London: Wells Gardner, Darton).

LITERARY NOTES.

The "Life of Abdur Rahman, Amir of Afghanistan," which Mr. Murray has in preparation, is edited by Mir Munshi Sultan Mohammad Khan, the Afghan Secretary of State. It will be in two volumes, and contain, besides a portrait of the Afghan ruler, a number of maps and illustrations. A work on "The Painters of Florence," by Julia Cartwright (Mrs. Ady), which is also promised by Mr. Murray, is intended especially for art students and travellers in Italy.

From Dr. Fitchett's ever-busy pen may be expected immediately a book on "Wellington's Men." Herein the point of view will be that of the man in the ranks. The author has consulted the works of Rifleman Harris, Sergeant Anton, and other writings that are nowadays somewhat difficult of access where the everyday reader is concerned. Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co., who will publish Dr. Fitchett's new book, announce for early issue "In the Ranks of the C.I.V.," by Mr. Erskine Childers. On Tuesday next they will issue an abridgment by Mr. Sidney Lee of his "Life of William Shakespeare." This is intended for the use of schools, and is a concession to a demand made throughout the country for the original work in a cheaper form. Mr. Downey, who announces an edition of Shakespeare's plays containing the earliest text of each parallel with the text of the First Folio, is also to publish a handsome edition of Mr. Surtees' famous book, "John Jorrock's Jaunts and Jollities."

Messrs. Macmillan have in the press a new edition of Prof. Bury's "History of Greece." Sir Theodore Martin's "Helena Faucit" (Lady Martin), which Messrs. Blackwood have almost ready, will contain five photogravure plates.

In view of the approaching marriage of the young Queen of Holland, Messrs. Jarrold will publish a third and revised edition of Mr. Henry Montague Doughty's "Friesland Meres and Through the Netherlands: the Voyage of a Family in a Norfolk Wherry." The illustrations to this book, which contains much curious information relative to the old world towns of our Dutch neighbours, are the work of the author's daughters.

"Canadian Camp Life," by Miss Frances E. Herring, is a record of personal reminiscences of Vancouver. Mr. T. Fisher Unwin who has the work in hand will issue very shortly "Sarah P. G.," a novel by Mrs. H. Sant Lanyon purporting to embody the experiences of "a paying guest." The same publisher has nearly ready a book on the part taken by the Canadian contingent in South Africa during the past year. It is written by Mr. W. Sanford Evans. A new edition of Mr. G. Oliver Pike's "In Birdland with Field Glass and Camera," and "Naomi's Exodus," a story of Jewish life in West London by Miss Lily H. Montagu, are among Mr. Unwin's forthcoming publications. For Messrs. Longmans, Mr. John Weathers has

(Continued on page x.)

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